LIVE WILD OR DIE!

PC

Editorials, schmeditorials!!! Welcome to Livewildordie! land... "Geez, Louweez, it's about time" you say. Well, gosh there t'ain't nothin' but bad excuses, bad, bad, bad.. but here's the long awaited issue # 3. We hope you'll enjoy the humor & passion, etc. Maybe even be inspired here & there.

A hearty thanx to everyone who's sent in cartoons, rants, writings, letters and poems — some of which we used, some not. In any case please be encouraged...to continue being creative...to living wild! Enjoy!

from twisted Santa Cruz — Lee

CAFE CAMELEON CLOSES
AMID ETERNAL SLAMDANCING

Here in Santa Cruz, people who live close to the earth are winding down another beautiful blue sky meadow bright sunshine forest dark shadow Spring day of walking on roads and trails through thickets of trees downtown on the mall street musicians rockin out folkin out jazzin an punked out very heavy in black with shiny metal bondage eqipment clanking tatoos and spike hair and shave head or shave eyebrows and tatters of sweaters from thrift stores and dumpsters and food stamps and freight-hopping, biking, propagandizing, payphones and yard work and artwork and court-dates, making tee-shirts to sell and love affairs and furniture moving and letters at the P.O. Box from Mom Dad sister brother friends prisoners and everyone wants to buy land and live there with friends and maybe start a community while working with children in schools calling home for some money taking classes and smoking and drinking and laughing and fucking and hating and watching the ocean and feeling better, taking your clothes off for money or for fun or out of desperation or numbness being cold being cold being cold being cold being cold being cold being cold from houses to rooms to shacks to cars to teepees to wicky-ups to treehouses and tarp rope and sleeping bag homemade little caves computers and cooking with propane and planting and growing food, growing pot waitingtables petting cats vasectomy theory eating coffee xerox publication of radical wiretap anarchist views late night at Kinko's dreaming about the little red-haired girl about burning buildings and bombs and punk rock zines eco-zines homemade anarchist zines Ero-zines Austral-zines Canadienne ramming the occasional drift netter hitchhiking talking dampness campfire barbed wire rallies Dead shows and altered states, wanting someone to sleep with trying to get a hold of people who don't have phones to get that ride to the Rendezvous, Gathering, Council, hunt, action with people who don't live in boxes with numbers on the front. How ya gonna find them without that number? Well, they hang out a lot at Cafe Cameleon. But didn't you hear? It's closed. NO WAY!!! Yeah. It's worse than the earthquake. NO WAY!!! I know, it's really sad. They had a heck of a party. The party to end all parties. Slam dancing like I've never seen. The pit got pretty hairy; I lost my belt pack, my shoes, and I was actually on the floor three times. WOW. I'M DEALING WITH SOME SERIOUS GRIEF. Yeah, you shoulda been there. Slamming was totally necessary. I THINK I UNDERSTAND SLAM DANCING FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THIS MOMENT. Yeah, I'm sure there was some grieving going on, but the energy was really high and happy. It was a good release. WHERE ARE WE GONNA GO NOW? PERG IS AS SNOBBY AS EVER, AND JAHVA HOUSE ISN'T REALLY COOL--THEY ASK YOU TO LEAVE IF YOU SIT THERE TOO LONG WITHOUT BUYING SOMETHING. Well, my friend is trying to start this thing where people would volunteer their houses one night a week for an open coffehouse. HMMMM MMMMM...THAT COULD BE INTERESTING... If you know anyone with a house who might be into it, give em this number: 426-8656. OKAY. WILL DO.

-- MIA



LIFE IS LIKE THIS FRIEND OF MINE, HE'S DRIVING ALONG ON MISSION STREET & LOOKS OVER & THERE'S THIS ONE NATURAL FOOD STORE IN TOWN SEEMS THE OWNER IS ALWAYS PUTTING THIS & THAT SAYING UP ON THE STORE MARQUEE USUALLY SOME POLITICAL STATEMENT OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER OFTEN TENDING TOWARDS THE WU-WU, USUALLY FAIRLY LAME, ANYWAY MY FRIEND SEES THIS WEEKS INSTALLMENT READS:"THERE ARE NO MORAL ABSOLUTES"...'WHATEVER', HE THINKS, BUT THE FUNNY PART IS THERE'S A COUPLE OF SIGN-CARRYING PICKETEERS OUT IN FRONT PROTESTING "THERE ARE MORAL ABSOLUTES"...WELL, THAT'S ABOUT THE FUNNIEST & WEIRDEST THING MY FRIEND'S SEEN ALL WEEK & HE'S GAWKING & LAUGHING & WHAM HE SMACKS INTO THE CAR IN FRONT OF HIM. WHAM! TO THE TUNE OF $2700 WORTH & NO INSURANCE & SHIT THE NEXT WEEK THE STORE OWNER CHANGES THE MARQUEE TO READ "THERE ARE MORAL ABSOLUTES"! ISN'T LIFE LIKE THAT?

Frosty's Back ... Frosty's Back !!!

In case you spent the last week in a cave and didn't notice that Santa Cruz' beloved "Little Foster" was missing, mysteriously stolen during the dark of night, don't worry.

(You know Little Foster — he's that 15 ft. bigger-than-life-size inflatable ice cream boy icon that normally perches happily as a seagull on top of the Santa Cruz Fosters Freeze on 229 Laurel Avenue.)

Little Foster's back, safe and sound, returned by a group of teenagers, who drove through the lot and dropped him off at the back door during the store's busy lunchtime rush.

They did not stop to chat, identify themselves or claim the reward offered by store owner Bruce Abbott. (And a grand reward it was: a full year's worth of free Fosters Freeze original ice cream cones!)

Abbott was informed of Little Foster's safe homecoming by telephone, when a group identifying themselves only as the "Frosty Liberation Front" called to announce that "Frosty has returned."

One can only guess what this outbreak of "biz terrorism" could mean to local businesses. Will this same ruthless group appropriate other such important retail landmarks? Is nothing sacred?

Time will tell. But, in the meantime, guard your icons well.

Because we celebrate life and battle
Because we are not satisfied
Because it is up to us
Because we love to sing and dance
Because the pressure is upon on us
Because there are governments and
borders and cops and courts
Because the boundaries must be broken
Because we are out of control
Because they said we couldn't do it
Because we feel like it



Weird words never really die

I never thought LWOD would take so long to do. In the beginning we recieved several boxes of a couple years worth of submissions via Portland. We had no practical place for working on our masterpiece. LWOD spent its formative time in boxes stowed here and there, mostly in my living room. We'd pick through them and scurry off to our individual spaces or to cafes to work on bits.

As we progressed, so did our frustration. No work space meant no sharing of ideas in a bigger sense, and it was hard to visualize the paper's growth. During all this, my friend Dan, who was getting sicker and sicker with AIDS, managed to score a roomy two bedroom apartment. I was caregiving for him and we listened to each other's daily complaints. As a radical faerie, artist, and supporter of all things wild, Dan offered LWOD the use of his living room. We got the brunt of this done in his place and if it weren't for him, it would've been a whole lot harder.

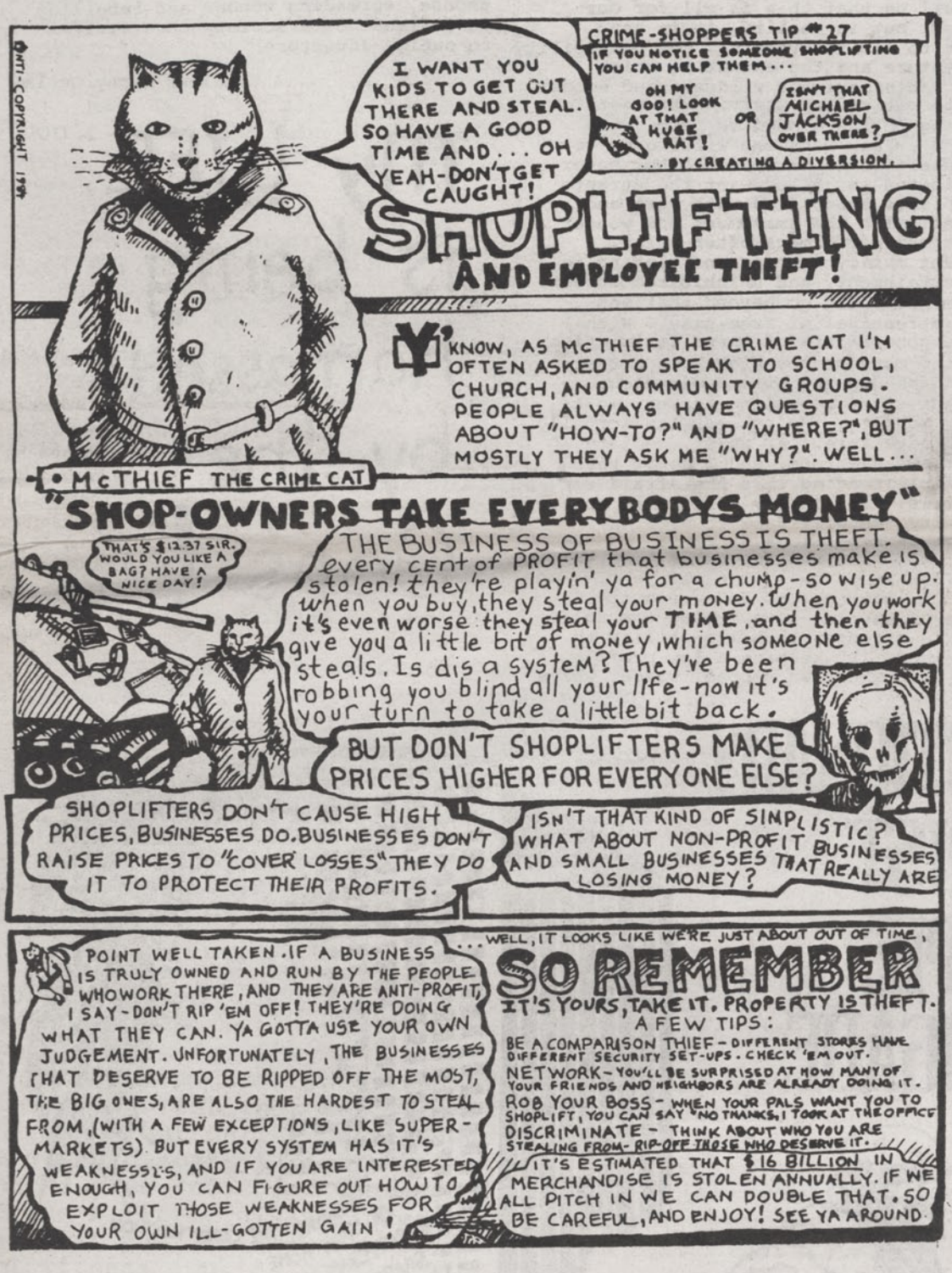
Dan died before we finished. I know he would approve of the final product and I'm glad he got to watch this issue grow around his easy chairduring his last months here. Dan was in excrutiating pain most of the time, but he was happy that at least he could give us a place to work not to mention have the continual pleasure of our delightful company. He'd sit in his easy chair, bent and cranky, like a crochety old king, squinting now and then at our antics. I like to think we helped him as much as he helped us.

I won't forget those months with Dan, and Lee and Rufus. Dan gave us a place and so much more: a bond formed between us all and I hope it's never broken. Dan lived a wild, hedonistic life and even though his end was rough, he made room for this untamed paper. His heart beat wild to the end. To get to the point, I'd like to dedicate this issue of LWOD to Dan, who lived wild and died.

--Cairn

New planet-approved **Birth Control Strategy:** Permanent sound-proof Dental Dam for the Pope...





A WINTER SPIRIT

I will never forget
the way through the snow in the moonlight
my labored breathing up the mountains
the wild dance of sparkles
in the dream-blue soft new fallen
dancing with the slightest movement of my head
fir boughs bent in heavy silent grace
from even the youngest trees
in contrast the stark gleaming
of the raped mountains on either side,
the skid marks of yarding,
raw troughs converging at the crest
Our boots followed each other's tracks
along the switchbacks
after one false start on a long up-
logging road ending in brush.
Then an end again in a place
no map could suggest--
overlooking a drop-off facing clearcut nothingness
yet the way faced the right compass point
and we struck off to climb over the ridge
not knowing for sure what we would find.
A path we formed through a sudden wind howling
in a forgotten small grove near the top,
then over, we rejoined each other in silence
looking down into the dark untainted watershed
the trees a solid mass
forming an impenetrable shelter
for all within
standing solidly tall, unbroken
at the edge of surrounding waste
once them.
But no bulldozers tonight,
no yarders, no chainsaws,
only quiet--quiet and us--
we grin to each other
and start down--
lone dark human forms caught
in the beams of moonlight
against white.
I start at the sound and moving lights
of a small plane,
move faster to join the others
under the great black shadows
where the old ones loom.
At the edge we hammer two in
but not all the way,
one metal, one hard ceramic
white as the snow
leave them sticking out
for others to see
then work our way in
deeper and deeper
over the fallen dead ones
past ice-shrouded trunks
through saplings slapping cold wet onto our necks
skirting the great ghostly snags
calling to each other with animal sounds
when we want to know
where we are
how much we've done.
Finally emerging for the long hike back
not long before the first light
that spreads the real silver and gold
all our muscles ache
some abrasions
no sleep
a bear-like hunger
the dancing lights of snow crystals
out there, in my mind
more precious than any gems
as we stash our tools,
prepare for our next waltz
against the State
with life our swirling partner.

--a defiant bear, not hibernating



THE OUTLAWING OF ADVENTURE



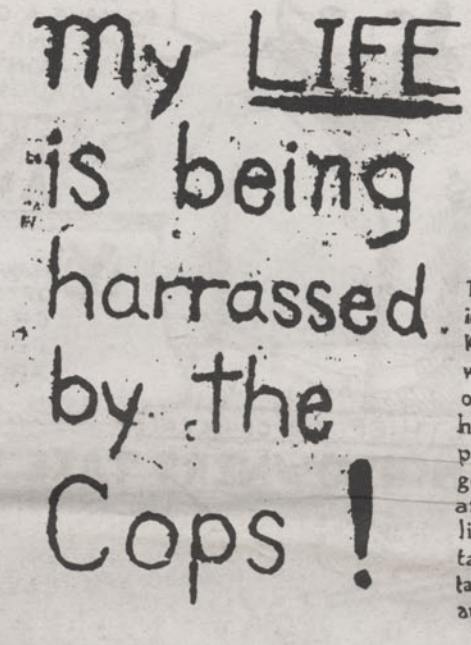
back to the city archy
and dam glad of it
there s something about the suburbs
that gets on a town lady s nerves
fat slick tabbies
sitting around those country clubs
and lapping up the cream
of existence
none of that for me
give me the alley archy
me for the mews and the roofs
of the city
an occasional fish head
and liberty is all i ask
freedom and the garbage can
romance archy romance is the word
maybe i do starve sometimes
but wotthehell archy wotthehell
i live my own life

Outlaws have always been adventurers, but adventurers have not always necessarily been outlaws. Until about the turn of the century, or even later, it was easy for people to just take off with nothing more than what they could carry on their backs. They could camp almost anywhere, bathe in any river, stream or pond, and wander where they chose, without the fear of being busted. In cities, they could play music, juggle, dance or otherwise perform on the streets in exchange for food or money. In the wilds, they could gather, hunt and fish for food. They could choose their own risks, decide for themselves what chances they would take... and not be outlawed for it.

But now, real adventure is largely against the law. This is no surprise. Industrial civilization is based on control, and control is easiest in a mono-culture. Diversity tends to undermine order and, as much as possible, is suppressed. So today, even on public lands, we are told where to hike, where to camp, where to bathe, where to climb. We see signs everywhere prohibiting us from taking risks, from going where we choose, from living as we choose. We are ordered to get permits to go into the wilderness, to let the government know what we are doing. In most cities, a permit is required for street performance (and, in many, it is outlawed), which means getting approval from a government committee (or, in Boston, the police department). And if you wish to wander in foreign lands, passports and visas are required. The government will tell us that this is all for our own good, but in reality, it is an attempt to limit diversity, the possibility of adventure and the extent to which people can experience wildness and wonder. The authorities are striving to restrict wandering to its commodity form...the vacation. They want the wilderness to be a spectacle to be observed but never participated in. They want the streets to be places associated with work and pay...not with the amazement and wonder that street performers often bring. They want music, dancing and playing to be entertainment, and uninhibited street performance could go beyond that and become a festival of free play. Without the constraints of these restrictive laws, too many people might get a taste of wild freedom and of the marvelous, and might start rebelling against work-and-pay society. No society can actually abolish adventure. At worst, society can outlaw adventure, and I doubt that many people reading this are afraid to be outlaws. As society strives to enforce conformity, we will face it with an attitude of rebellious defiance, confronting it with our refusal to be less than all we desire to be. Like all rebels, we have wild imaginations and are quite capable of finding ways around the rules. No law is stronger than its ability to be enforced. By keeping a low profile, we can camp where we choose, wander where we choose, bathe where we choose...as the "Alternative Living" articles in LWOD have shown. In cities, if we want to play, dance or sing in the streets, we can do so, stopping or claiming we're only doing it for our own pleasure if the police try to harass us. If enough people gather to hear or to join our fun, the cops may not be able to get through. If the permits are photocopiable, it may be worthwhile to get one, photocopy it and pass it along to anyone who might be interested, undermining the purpose of the permit. Where street performance is completely illegal...who's to stop you from playing for your own pleasure in a park? And if the festive spirit spreads, so much the better

Some will ask..."but why not just stick to the wilderness in our adventure; isn't living wild what we're interested in?" Cities are part of the reality created by civilization. Millions of people live in cities and ignoring them won't make them go away. If a spirit of wonder and wild adventure is impossible in cities, then the creation of a world free of domestication is a pipedream. For what is going to tear down the cities, if not the wild energy of rebellious city dwellers tired of the drab, homogenized, sterile existence the city offers them, and inspired by a vision of how full and passionate life could be? And would not wandering festivals of wonder and rebellion, freely sharing music, dancing and play be a way of inspiring such a vision. So, wild adventurers, let's wander where we choose, spreading wonder and rebellion in defiance of a society that strives to outlaw adventure.

...A Nameless Gypsy Outlaw



This was copied at Kinko's off a wet T-shirt owned by a homeless person who got rained on after his political action table was taken by the authorities.

Revolt becomes unnecessary when you can't pick your target out of a crowd: Return of the

REVOLUTIONARY ECO-TERRORIST PIE BRIGADE

From the better late than never department comes the story of the second, but more accurate pie attack on a forestry official. The Revolutionary Ecoterrorist Pie Brigade, long known for its lack of respect for "thoughtful radicalism," last April launched another successful assault against the forces that would destroy the last of the Redwoods in Northern California's Headwaters forest. Admittedly, though deemed 'juvenile and immature' by some, the brigades honorary membership roll has swelled by 100% over the last year, and more members are expected soon, to terrorize both those deserving overmature activists who would so label us, and those whose practices endanger or destroy ecosystems.



Spengers' Grotto and fern bar at the foot of University Avenue in Berkeley has long been known as one of the finest places to dine on seafood, until we visited last April. We feel very sure that Spengers and other such restaurants would not want this embarassing splotch on their record, and they can do so by refusing such groups in the future. Reservations were made for the Society of Amerikan Foresters for a banquet room with, conveniently enough, an emergency exit located only two bounds away from the speakers podium. The dinner featured John Cambell as the keynote speaker from the Pacific Lumber Company, with several lumber company officials (just as deserving) in the audience. Cambell addressed the serious and pressing issue affecting his company, that of public laws passed by California's legislature that affect private lands, or in our interpretation, how greedheads can maximize profit with minimum bureaucratic influence from rubber stamp agencies like Ca. Dept. of Forestry. Little did Cambell know that the REPB had a stake on his skin clad head. Several REPB supporters accompanied this initiate to his goal, along with a standard cream pie, due to local unavailability of eco-meringue green cream. After a quick discussion about our tactics outside the banquet room, I opened the double doors, held back an adrenaline rush for the dash, and walked calmly up to the podium, delicately balancing a box on my left hand. The speaker appeared completely absorbed in his subject, and only when I stepped in front of the podium did he notice my unkempt appearance, how I could not have possibly fit in the crowd that evening.

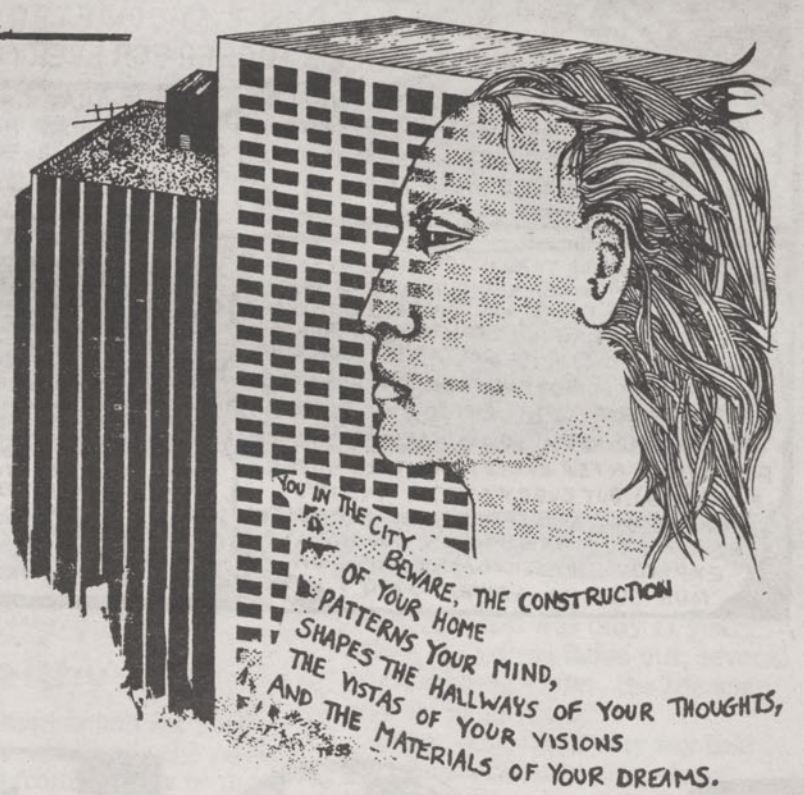
"Who are you?" demanded Cambell.

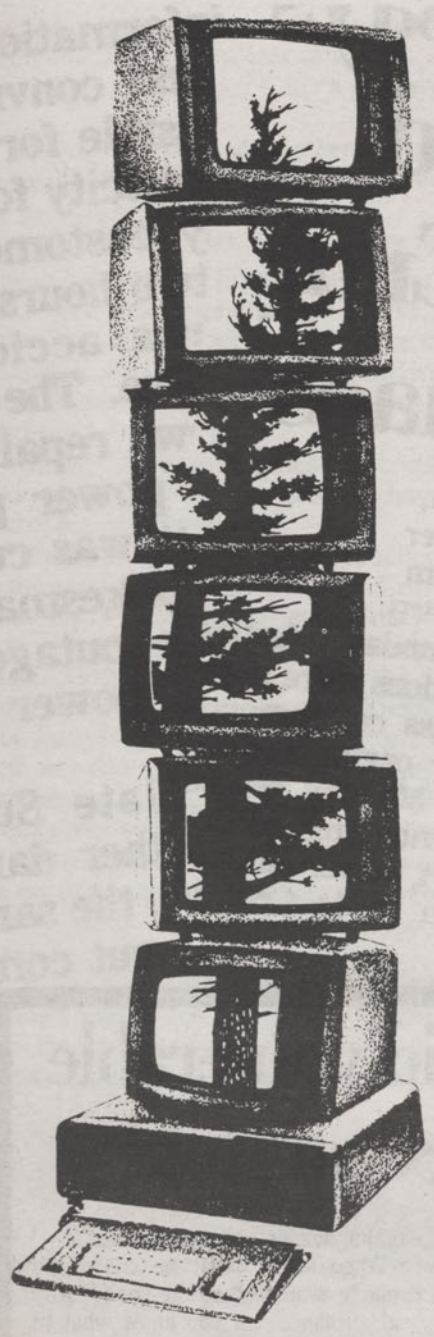
I replied with my alias and asked his the same question to make sure he was the mark: "Are you John Cambell, Chief Forester of PALCO?"

"Yes, What do you want?"

"I've come to deliver desert!"

And with that, the box dropped away to reveal a cream pie, flying from point blank range into Cambells' face and neck noose as I took in a deep breath, bounding for the door. I heard signs of a scuffle to follow just before hearing the supporters chants of "Stop the Clearcuts, Abolish Maxxam, Save the Redwoods,..." but I was gone without a trace. Beware, we don't just pick on foresters, corporate criminals. Your face may be the one we've saved the cayenne cream pie for. ★







CYBER PUNKS MEET ECO FREAKS

Well if finally happened in soggy Portland, home of many a trendsetter. The meeting of the minds. On one hand, the highly underground information net computer pirates, and on the other, the standard paradigm subverting, media monkeywrenching Earth First!ers.

'Twas the evening of the Longview Log Export action, December 7th 1989. After a hard day at the demo, with four arrestees facing double felonies and the press having their media bites, with all the flyers passed out and the banners folded away again, that Mr. and Ms. (name omitted) activists returned to their semi--plush home in the west hills. Like any returning folk, they responded to the little blinking light on their answering machine. A message lying in wait; "Hello, this is the Mad Hacker. I've been dabbling around these AT&T files and I've found a federal work order to have your line tapped. Just calling to inform you. (To that effect). Goodbye."

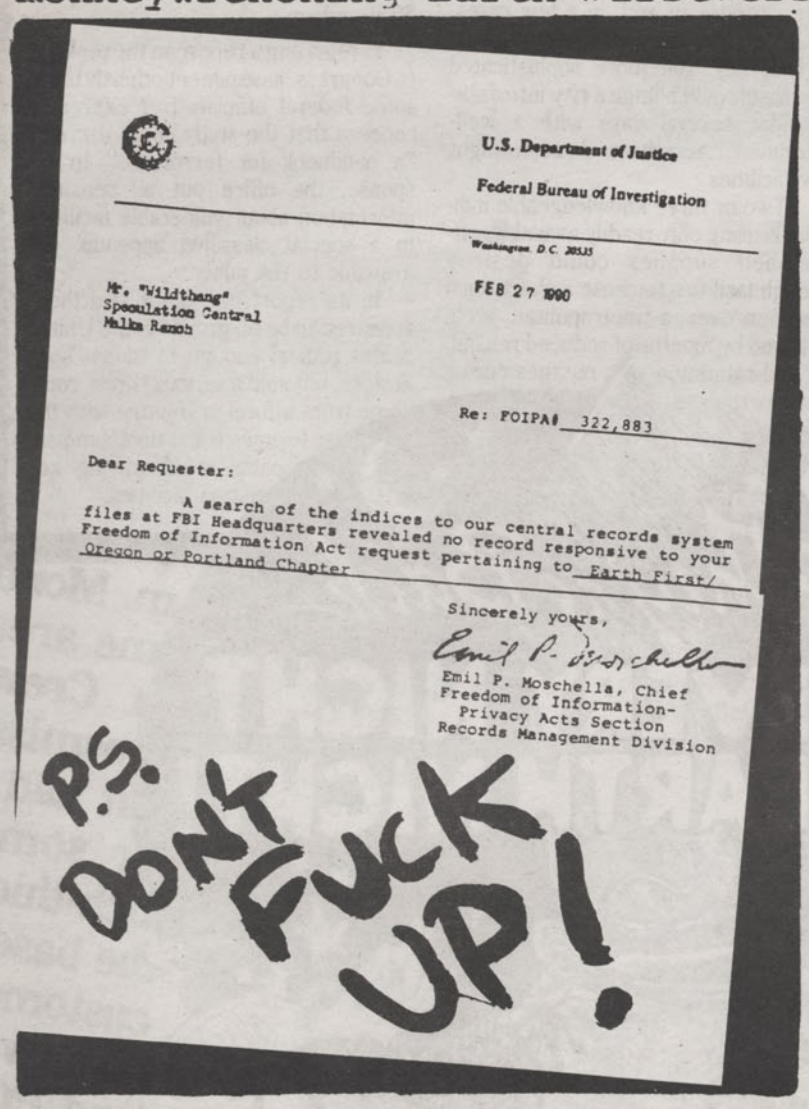
This tape caused a bit of fuss here at speculation central. If the line was tapped, why would the Mad Hacker leave his calling card, thus driving himself farther underground? Was this an elaborate, albeit subtle joke perpetuated at the number which was listed as a contact for the export action? Were these guys for real? Meanwhile, across town, the former hot house of EF! activity espied two unmarked vehicles on sloppy stakeout. With images of the feds slinking in unison both in the west hills and at their very own doorstep, the residents, with video cam, walked out and filmed the vehicles and asked the loitering driver, "Are you watching this house?" If they weren't, they would be now! Hell, why not? With the blatant Rainforest Roadshow van parked out front, we at speculation central seem a likely target. Two springs ago, after the new salvo of Bull Run actions waged by spec. central's resident eco--punk hit the fan, strange things started happening. Mainly the phone calls. George the Bomber would call up and try to get us to agree over the phone to lend him money so he could buy dynamite to blow up the Brietenbush Bridge. George the Bomber didn't seem too bright for a monkeywrencher, but just about the level of an entrapper. Our response, "Come to the monthly meeting, it's open to the public. We're non--violent." His response, "Ghandi was a wimp." George calls again and again trying to get us to take down his phone number. No go.

But that's history now. Wait Is there a connection to those Bull Run related activities and this current speculation? It lies, I speculate, in the recent publication of a letter which was sent to the Portland Free Press. The letter, signed by the Bull Run Avengers, publicly declares that the Olive Sale adjacent to Bull Run has been spiked. Eco--warrior meets the press. Sloppy entrapper meets a brick wall. Stake-out stooges meet a carnival. All the while, I've been speculating on the future of monkeywrenching in general. It seems that a viable tactic would be that an effusion of computer viruses aimed at the nerve center of the Freddies, BLM, etc., would have a considerable impact. Calling all Mad Hackers! To arms! The most convenient way to smash the state is to jam communication satellites! Yahoo!

But is the Mad Hacker, now elevated to mythic standards, the wave of the future? Or more importantly, is he for real? The answer came via NPR radio a few weeks ago. The FBI has recently arrested a small band of computer pirates who are charged with accessing the computer banks of AT&T as well as breaking into some US armed forces information banks, said the report. Reality as reported and validated by NPR. There you go.

Could it be that the Hacker, seeing his own doom in the triggering of big corporate data defense snares, paused to make that sociable call to Mr. and Ms. activist while the full weight of the shit was crashing down all around? We can only speculate...

--Wildthang.



U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

Washington, D.C. 20535

FEB 27 1990

Mr. "Wildthang"
Speculation Central
Malka Ranch

Re: FOIPA# 322,883

Dear Requester:

A search of the indices to our central records system files at FBI Headquarters revealed no record responsive to your Freedom of Information Act request pertaining to Earth First/ Oregon or Portland Chapter

Sincerely yours,

Emil P. Moschella, Chief
Freedom of Information-
Privacy Acts Section
Records Management Division

P.S. DON'T FUCK UP!





THE MEDIA January 1984

In the autumn of 1983 a tape recording of a telephone conversation between Margaret Thatcher and President Reagan was sent anonymously to newspapers in various parts of the world. A covering note claimed that the tape was a recording of a crossed line on which was heard the two leaders' telephone conversation. In January 1984, the story was taken up by the Sunday Times and the San Francisco Chronicle. The Times described the tape as part of a KGB propoganda war. The US State Department said that the tape was evidence of an 'increasingly sophisticated Russian disinformation campaign'. In fact the tape was made by members of the anarchist punk rock group Crass. The tape had been produced using parts of TV and radio broadcasts made by the two leaders, then overdubbed with telephone noises.

IRISH JOKE December 5th 1980

An aging man living alone in South Armagh, whose only son is in Long Kesh prison, didn't have anyone to dig his garden for his potatoes. So he wrote to his son about it, and recieved the reply 'For Christ's sake don't dig the garden up, that's where I buried the the guns'. At 4am the next morning a dozen British soldiers turned up and dug up the garden, but didn't find any guns. Confused, the man wrote to his son telling him what had happened, asking him what to do now. The reply: 'Now just put the potatoes in'.

Eco-wars

Battle for environment is heating up



A self-proclaimed environmental action group said it sabotaged PG lines last weekend, causing wide areas of Santa Cruz County to lo

Group says it caused Santa Cruz area chaos

By Mitchel Benson,
Christopher Pummer
and Lee Quarnstrom
Mercury News Staff Writers

Charging that Sunday's festive Earth Day celebrations were nothing more than crass commercialism and consumer orgies, radical environmentalists Monday served up a raucous "morning after" menu of vandalism, power outages and protests from Santa Cruz to Wall Street.

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U.S. power grid vulnerable to rifle users, Senate told

Free Press Wires Services

WASHINGTON — A few knowledgeable terrorists, using off-the-shelf equipment, could damage power transmission systems sufficiently to black out a city for days, followed by months of outages, congressional investigators said Thursday.

Investigators with the congressional Office of Technology Assessment told a Senate committee there had been only relatively minor acts of power system sabotage in the United States in recent years. Most of the incidents were related to labor disputes, vandalism and, in a few cases, extremist environmental groups.

But they said more sophisticated terrorists could plunge a city into darkness for several days with a well-coordinated assault on three to eight key facilities.

"Two or three knowledgeable individuals using only readily available, off-the-shelf supplies could destroy enough facilities to cause a short-term blackout over a metropolitan area, followed by months of reduced reliability and rotating ... outages during peak peri... se... e...

ists, hurricanes and earthquakes.

When asked what he meant by "readily available, off-the-shelf," Roy said, "Rifles ... if you know what to shoot at."

Alan Taft Crane of the assessment office testified that transmission lines are vulnerable to rifle fire.

Blackouts can causes millions of dollars in damage to utilities and public services, not to mention lost business and looting, the report noted. A 1977 blackout in New York City and neighboring Westchester County lasted a full day and caused losses of nearly $350 million.

In releasing a report on the problem to Congress, assessment officials noted some federal officials had expressed concern that the study could serve as "a handbook for terrorists." In response, the office put all sensitive information about vulnerable facilities in a special classified appendix not available to the public.

In its report, the office said there appeared to be no groups in the United States radical enough to mount such attacks, but said a serious threat could ...me from a foreign country with the ...es to equip and train a comman... ...apable of identifying key ...ission facilities.

ower-line sabotage

And they vowed to continue cut-
ting down wooden power pole...
dismantli...

...ransmission wires with
Gas & Elect...

LOUD MOUTHS, SNITCHES, AND SPIES.

Animal rights activists, anarchists, and Earth First!ers have been the targets of agent provocateurs in the last two years. These cases should be well known by now, and I won't bore anyone with the details (which are available elsewhere). People involved in activities and/or organizations which aim for social change (from the most innocuous to the most radical) have always had to accept, sooner or later, that they would become the subjects of police surveillance and even possible police disruption.

How does this apply to folks who read LWOD and are silly enough to actually try some of the goofy, mostly illegal activities that have appeared and continue to appear in these pages? I mean, nobody on the ever-changing staff of this rag really expects anyone to go out and make the bastards pay a little more for the shit they do. This 'zine is sold for entertainment purposes only...as the disclaimers on many of the really juicy books tell you. We certainly wouldn't want anyone to get paranoid and start thinking that the dude or dudette on lookout is really a snitch just because s/he never seems to do any of those crazy, vandalous actions that you do.

If I can be serious for a bit, though,

CONTINUED



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EARTH DAY 90

Complete protection of power lines is impossible goal

By Thomas Farragher
Mercury News Staff Writer

It is alarmingly easy to chop the electrical umbilical cord away from tens of thousands of power company customers. So easy, in fact, that you could look it up.

Although the radical environmentalist group Earth First! said it is not responsible for vandalism Sunday and Monday that left 92,000 Pacific Gas & Electric Co. customers without power, a co-founder of that group has edited a field guide that includes a precisely detailed section on how to take out power lines.

PG&E, which plans to beef up security following Sunday's and Monday's outages, concedes that "anyone who's dedicated enough can cause some havoc." The utility's crews near Watsonville found chiseled bolts — each an inch thick — at the base of a 100-foot steel transmission tower that had crashed to the ground.

The incident reads like a page out of "Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching," edited by Earth First! cofounder Dave Foreman, who was arrested last May for alleged conspiracy to damage power lines.

"Power lines are highly vulnerable to monkeywrenching from individuals or small groups," the 1985 book reads, describing ways to remove bolts, saw through steel towers and shoot out different parts of transmission poles.

Tony Ledwell, a PG&E spokesman, said the utility is aware of the publication, which underscores this point: "PG&E's service area is 94,000 square miles and there's no way we can constantly patrol 94,000 square miles."

Ledwell said PG&E employs a security force several hundred strong; it uses helicopters to check periodically for vandalism or damaged equipment; and it fences off its transmission towers. Beyond that, he said, the utility — as a matter of policy — does not discuss security.

But Ledwell did not deny empirical evidence that it does not have a guard for every tower or every substation.

"The steel tower that was vandalized early Monday morning required quite a bit of work to bring down," the company spokesman said. "They had to chisel through numerous steel bolts. Someone or several people were probably extremely dedicated and did a lot of hard work to establish this mischief."

They also risked their lives, he said.

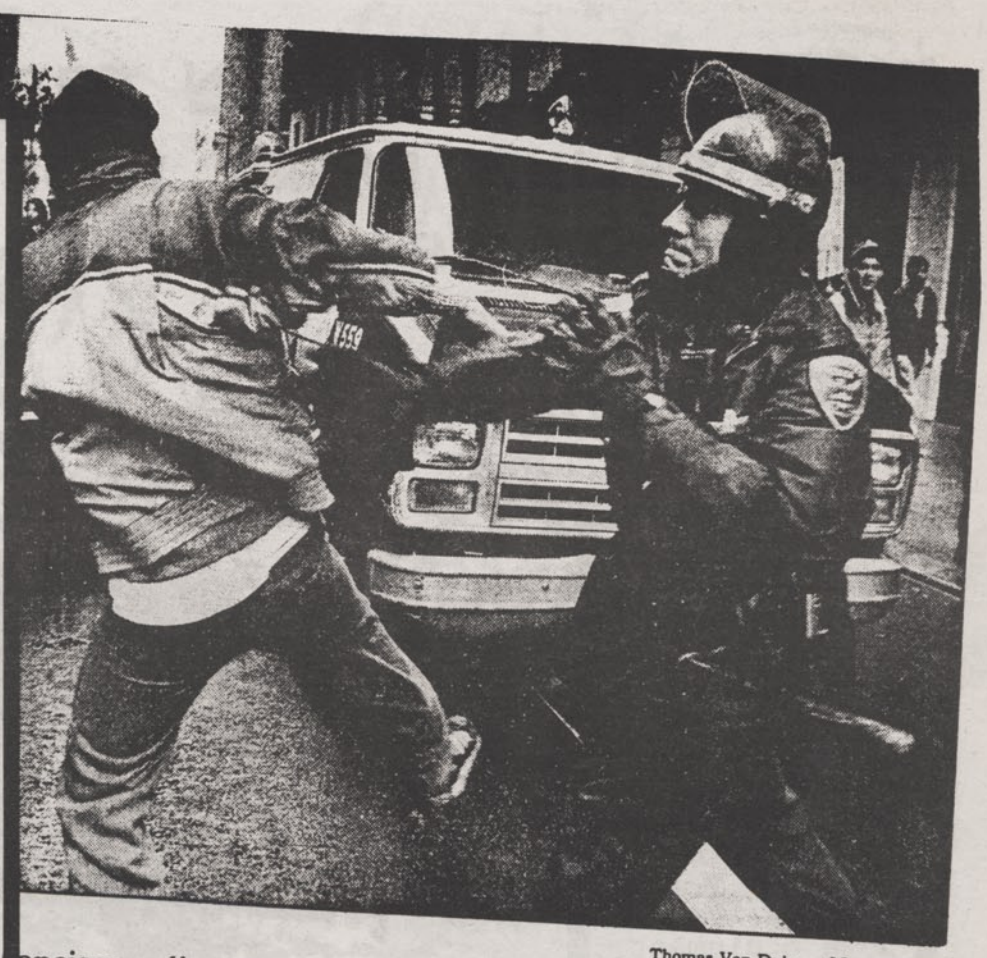
"Anybody who breaks into a substation or tries some kind of criminal activity around these transmission towers is always at risk of making the wrong move and injuring or possibly killing themselves," Ledwell said.

Though PG&E is considering beefing up security because of Monday's vandalism, he would not elaborate.

"If we talk about security, security goes out the window," Ledwell said.

While a group called Earth Night Action Group claimed responsibility for Monday's incident, Earth First! members were applauding.

"I'm glad somebody dropped the power lines," said Judi Bari of Earth First! in Ukiah. "People need to learn how dependent they are on the grid and power lines."



Thomas Van Dyke — Mercury News

ancisco policeman grabs a demonstrator blocking a police van

nstrators target financial district

weil
Francisco Bureau

SCO — Hundreds vironmentalists n Francisco's fi- early Monday as ad action aimed rporate sponsor- y.

ple to know the business on this hen Dunifer, 38, Earth Day Ac- Berkeley-based roup.

400 demonstra- ic, smashed the window of a police

charges ranging from battery on a police officer to vandalism.

Earth Day Action Coalition was specifically formed for Monday's demonstration in concert with similar actions planned for New York; London; Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada; and Bonn, West Germany, Dunifer said. The core group sponsoring the action, he said, was Youth Greens, a UC-Berkeley-based offshoot of the Green Party, a sometimes-radical grass-roots environmental group.

Earth Day Action Coalition s not a part of the Santa Cruz tests that involved sabotaging er lines, Dunifer said.

Green" movement members particularly angered over

people to sleep. Their message is just be good consumers and sort your trash."

Dunifer, who said the violence at the demonstration was spontaneous and not condoned, was otherwise unapologetic.

"We feel it was a success because we were able to present the case we're trying to make," he said. "It was a good action."

A veteran activist involved in past protests against the Vietnam war and nuclear power plants, Dunifer said he believed environmental protests would continue.

Roy Berces, manager of corporate communications for the stock exchange, said demonstrators dragged news racks and trees in planters from sidewalks into Pine Street in front of the

'They think it's a minor inconvenience, but it's a lot more than that.'

Eco-terrorists' cut power



Thomas Van Dyke

during a protest at San Francisco's Pacific Stock

SPIES...

The problem of surveillance, infiltration, and entrapment is real and, if unchecked, can lead to arrest, or tooth decay, or even harder drugs. So, what do you do if you want to continue to partake in direct action and, at the same time, be sure and show the forces of Law and Order that you're not afraid of their little games? Well, it's sort of like "safe sex"; it's easiest by yourself, but if you're planning to do the nasty, it's not impolite to ask a few questions first. It's also OK to ask other people you trust to corroborate your potential partner's story.

The best way to be sure is to have an already long-standing, trouble-free relationship forged in trust. Of course, the only fool-proof way of avoiding AIDS and arrest is abstention. But, wait a minute! That's just what the powers-that-be want; a sexually frustrated and cowed population. I say fuck that! I like being sexual, and I like engaging in activities that are risky and economically damaging to creepy, earth-raping types. I go alone when I must, and with accomplices when I can.

So, what about those of you out there who have been contemplating a little extra-legal exhiliration, but are unsure of the trustworthiness of the other big mouths with the great ideas? Well, here's a few things I can think of to watch out for...

Remember that there's a difference between acting out of zeal and acting out of frustration. Don't abandon excessive planning just because some windbag is impatient for "action, action now!" And if that's about the extent of her/his vocabulary, watch this person. When I lived in San Francisco (six years ago to be precise), there was this guy who rolled into town and immediately began exhorting us lazy paranoids to engage in some sort of real action. Almost everyone thought he was a cop because of the way he bragged about his past, about his connections to various "big time" groups on the East Coast, and because of his apparent espousal of violent confrontations with cops. It turns out he's just a macho,

CONTINUED

EARTH NIGHT ACTION GROUP ACCEPTS RESPONSIBILIT FOR TOPPLING MAJOR P.G.&E. POWERLINES FRO MOSS LANDING POWER PLANT BETWEEN APRIL '72 P.G.&E. CORPORA



John Ferrara, transmission troubleshooter for PG&E, surveys the fallen tower at Riverside D

SPIES...

big mouth creep (which is almost as bad as being a cop).

Be really wary of someone who has easy access to various kinds of not-readily-available equipment, including large amounts of cash.

Always keep in mind that often spies will engage in illegal activities because they will be immune from prosecution. Just because your partner does everything you do, it's no reason to think that s/he's beyond doubt; s/he may be getting more damaging evidence against you.

If you have serious reservations about anyone, put her/him under your surveillance. Check out where s/he goes when s/he's not at meetings, find out who s/he hangs out with...you know, the usual stuff. If you've got some extra money, hire a private eye. What the hell.

Suspicious activities don't always mean "spy", but these are major things I could think of to be aware of. When you're having fun screwing up the smooth functioning of the amerikan death culture, it's best to be sly and even a little shady; it's tough to be an effective saboteur when you're behind bars. Let delicate people do the delicate stuff, let rude people do the rude stuff.

What happens when you discover, after examining all the available facts, after listening to all your trusted allies, after you have incontrovertable proof that the loud mouth you've been worried about actually is an informer? What is the traditional method of dealing with snitches, rats, and spies? That is a subject best left for another essay from someone who is a little less delicate and less refined than I. Any volunteers? ★

the 'eco-terrorist flow chart'

It all started with the usual knock on the door..."Santa Cruz Police Department", a few questions to ask...The Oakland car bombing had just happened and we were unsure of the details. He informed us that it was indeed Judi and Darryl, one might already be dead, the other unstable, and could we just answer a few questions to help them find out who was responsible. Yes, please come in.

We were sad and a bit in shock, and his grizzly details of the injuries made it worse. Then he started in: "We have every reason to believe that it was their bomb, that they brought it on themselves, that they were bringing the bomb to SC to be used in another PG&E powerline action", and they wanted to know where they were going to stay here, who they were going to meet with, etc... The bombing had just happened 90 minutes before, and the investigation was in full swing.

Beyond the obviously premeditated placement of guilt, there was nothing at all surprising about the FBI/SCPD visit to the local EF! contact's house. What was surprising was the speed at which the agents made it out to the residence of every eco/animal activist who had been arested in the past four years in the county. People who hadn't been involved in years. People who would never have heard of Judi and Darryl, people we barely knew. Approximately fifteen houses had been visited within three hours of the bombing.

Someone told us several weeks later that upon visiting the SCPD office they had seen on the wall an "Eco-Terrorist Flow Chart", on which were the names of all the activists who had been visited. It had apparently been the investigative blueprint when the Oakland FBI had called asking them to question "the usual suspects".

What made the "flow chart" interesting was that it was more than a list, it was a pyramidical heirarchy of power that they had somehow drawn out of the local movement. The names at the top were, simply, the people who had been arrested and seen at the most radical actions. This quest to fabricate leaders is nothing new for this government, but it was scary to think, especially in light of the recent "coup" attempts on Dave F., Judi, and Darryl, that you were assumed to be a leader based solely on your commitment to a cause, on your attendance at demos.

One can only hope that the actual perpetrators of the many radical actions in Santa Cruz County are safely underground, off the flow chart. Those of us who made the stupid decision to be overt are now dealing with the consequences. And the importance of not having leaders has never been more vital. Already, those at the "top" of the pyramid are being held responsible for all kinds of actions. If we had outspoken leaders, we would probably be targets and scapegoats instead of just suspects. ■

WHOLY WACKINESS! It's the... Wild Wimmin Warrior's RENDEZVOUS!

by the Stayfree Kare Bear



After about 1,000 miles of broiling, washboard dirt road, Alison and I stopped and fell out of the truck, into the dust of the Saline Valley in California's Mojave desert. We had found the site of the Earth First! Wild Wimmin Warrior's Rendezvous. We stood up and made a beeline for the shaded spring. A woman in a floaty white dress rose like a goddess from the cool shadows. "I'm Sue. The others are hiking," she intoned. We visited quietly, enjoying the coolness of the oasis.

Soon the others arrived. Yelping and twittering, we hugged: "Nice hair-do!!" "Love the outfit!" "Pretty shade of Lipstick!" Once all the niceties were over, we got down to some serious girl-talk. The sun set behind the mountains. The air cooled. It made you heave sighs of relief. Senses dulled by heat came alive.

The desert sky sure jumps on a moonless spring night in the Saline Valley. Stars tremble and streak, opulently. The zillions left hanging looked like they would zoom down any second. "We ought to cut them down," said Gila Trout. The desert makes you say and do funny things. I figure that's one of the reasons we went there.

By the next morning, the spring had become my sacred shrine. Masses of reeds, tall cottonwoods, an aspen of all things, and lawn like grasses surrounded the faintly sulphuric, burbling water. Monarch butterflies, ladybugs, wrens, warblers, and red-eyed, black feathered Phainopeplas flitted through the trees. Lizards leaped through the heat and sun of day and big desert bats whooshed by at night. Burros yelled and coyotes cackled. So did we. Sequoia informed us that one of the things men are scared of is the unbridled laughter of women. We must've been mighty fearsome as we snorted and howled our way into complete silliness, rolling senseless in the floating desert dust.

Dust. Soft, pale, dessicating desert dust. It coats your hair and invades your orifices. Some woke up with their faces and teeth pressed into it -- like dusty angels, fallen inebriated from the night's communion. We blended and became part of the Saline Valley. If not for the spring we might've permanently joined it. That place sucks moisture out of you in seconds. You start to feel as powdery as the soil itself. Way different from the ocean breezes and cool fog of my coastal home.

We came from all over to the valley of brine and burros: from Oregon all the way south to San Diego, from the Wild Rockies and New Mexico. The Green Comet, Jolly Roger flag whipping in the wind, arrived full of savage Montana sisters and barely contained and continueing entropy.

Unfortunately, some lost (in more ways than one) yuppies rolled into our haphazard desert parking lot one afternoon and managed to back into one of our trucks. Welcome to California, land of the omnipresent vehicle and all that goes with it -- bleah!

But we forgot about cars and spent the days sauntering through shimmering heat waves into cool canyons. Springs sparsely dot the valley, and burro trails through the cryptogamic soils lead you to them. Nightime brought relief from the glare but the parching dust kept thirst at a continual high. There were moments when I thought I'd never leave the wet comfort of the spring. It could be dangerous. Someone would make you laugh until you fell down, unable to walk, even to save your life.

Like on the last night. Some of us chuckled our way into a transcendental goofiness, and we wallowed helplessly in the parching, still warm dust. I heard a thumping on the ground. It was Gila, knocking her head on the desert floor. "Try it, it makes watching the stars better," she told us. (It did add to the effect, but "better" was questionable). We finished off our water but walking a mere 50 yards for more was for souls made of sterner stuff. The event turned into a survival trip. We really wanted warmer clothes too, but were too bandy-legged, so we tried to get each other to do it. That failed. But Sequoia came through with mother's instinct, and with magical powers she finally got us up and by the fire.

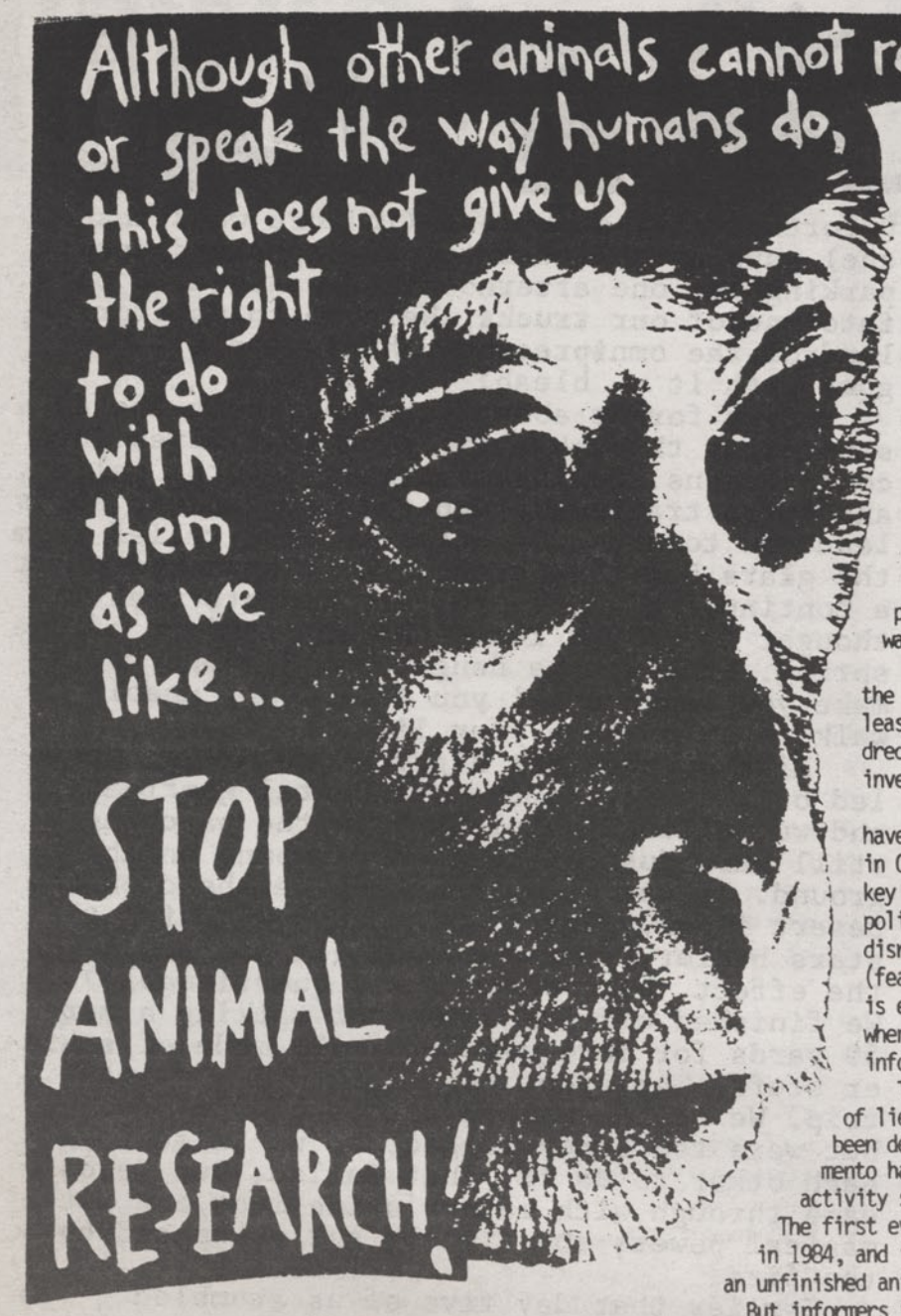
Earlier that day five of us stumbled through mirages of springs and lakes up into a side canyon where the mining homestead of "Turtle Jim" was scraped out. T.J. was on extended leave (according to local hot-springs gossip). He left us a warm fridge full of Coor's-Lite and other assorted cans of watery burro piss, which out of sheer politeness we felt obliged to consume. The ol' homestead was hooked up to a large spring so some of us enjoyed showers as well. We figured T.J. would want naked women to enjoy his place. We weren't too worried about him coming home either -- our fiercesome dustiness and warrior demeanor would no doubt cause him to keep driving right on by. Right smack into the mountain.

Snippets of scenes knock around in my head: the kitchen, that tarp-covered heap of canned beans, half-full salsa jars, leftovers, rotting vegetables, and unidentifiable edibles. Gena beat coyotes off it at night with her bare hands. Terminal the wonder dog kept cougars at bay. There were tales of poor Todd Shulke running the opposite way of a group of mild-mannered, gently smiling Earth First! wimmin (he'd been dropped off for the duration of the gathering and told to make himself scarce as he was the Sacrifice). At night a bat hung on a branch three feet over my sleeping bag. Crickets continuously chirped by the spring. There were fashionable hats. Stylish sunglasses. Chic outfits. No outfits. Sunburnt breats. Obnoxious, outrageous, hilarious, sweet, bitchy, red-neck wild wimmin warrior feral nuns on drugs!

Leaving that salty valley of scrubby tough plants, snow-topped rock mountains, stipped down, bare bones, no nonsense (or all nonsense) country was like leaving a picnic at the beach: I kept looking over my shoulder to say goodbye. The party ended somewhere around when the pavement began and some dirtbiker dudes asked for directions. They also asked about the WWW sign on the comet. We told them it was upside down for M&M's and we were leaving the company camp-out. Some Company!

p.s. There were no workshops

p.p.s. There was no discussion on the appropriatness of Mr. Shulk's sacrificial status.



WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND IT IS US

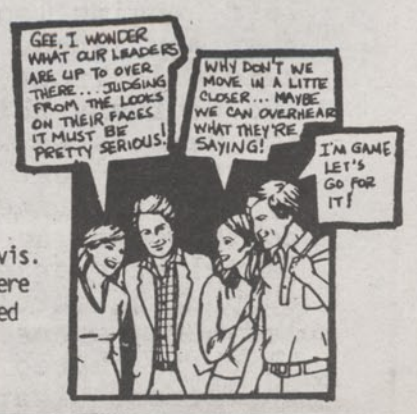
First and foremost, you should realise that at least three people, including me, and possibly others, face up to twenty years in prison. This is not a game. Jail - not for days, but years and maybe decades - because of informants and those who spread lies and innuendo. This is something that cannot be forgotten. Forgiven, but not forgotten.

None of the real problems here that I know of relate to personalities. This is an attack on respected activists orchestrated by those who have done this before, many times, in many different progressive movements. To believe otherwise is being extreme-naive. Informers not only exist, but are actively pursuing a disinformation campaign. That fact, believe me, is much easier to believe than the fact that two of the best former activists here are now chief government informants against at least 20 very sincere activists. This is not a game that we can solve with 'facilitators' and 'meetings to discuss differences'. This is the reality. As real as the cage that research animals sit in, and as real as the knife that cuts into the belly of the animal in the dog lab.

This covert action to undermine animal activism probably began on the east coast. In 1988, the 'Fran Trutt' case - where a government/industry infiltrator set up an activist - should have signalled to activists that the movement was about to be hit hard by infiltrators, informers, and government agents. Instead, the movement, for the most part, has refused to see that Trutt was the victim of a bigger hidden agenda, a covert war against the movement.

Three different Federal Grand Juries, and at least one Oregon grand jury, have probed the animal rights movement in California and the west coast, leading to the subpoena of at least 15 activists - and harassment by the FBI and other government agencies of possibly hundreds of other activists. East coast groups apparently are also the focus of the government investigation.

Virtually every scenario outlined by Brian Glick (in "War at Home") - and others who have documented government harassment of political groups - has been used against activists in California, including burglaries of activists' homes, disinformation campaigns against key activists and infiltration by informers. As in past movements, informers not only spy on political activists, but are used to discredit and disrupt. As Glick notes, "The FBI and police exploit (fear) to smear genuine activists as agents," which is exactly what happened recently in Sacramento when activists attempted to expose known agents and informants.



FOLLOW THE LEADERS

Those informants have been the source of a series of lies and innuendos in northern California which have been designed to neutralize the movement there. Sacramento has been the center of significant animal rights activity since 1983 when 3000 people attended a rally at UC Davis. The first ever U.S. animal rights civil disobedience occurred there in 1984, and in 1987, the first ever fire set by activists destroyed an unfinished animal research laboratory.

But informers in the area have, loyal to the script suggested in Glick's book, attempted to destroy this activism since sometime in early 1987 when the first Grand Jury in Sacramento was impaneled. A disinformation campaign has spread rumors to inflame disagreements among activists. Campaigns have been sabotaged, including one against pound seizure. Informants have provoked jealousy and embarrassed progressive groups. Dedicated activists have even been accused of being government agents, a common ploy to undermine the activists' effectiveness and focus attention away from the actual informer.

California's activists, generally, do not yet realize what has happened. In fact, most do not understand that they have been 'set-up' as Glick states, and instead honestly believe the disruptions involving different factions are caused by 'personality' conflicts.

A group of Sacramento activists - including several who may have already informed on other activists - has even embraced a confessed informant. Although the informant admitted in a public meeting that she would 'inform again' if asked by the government, and the activists were warned such a person could jeopardize their campaigns in the area, they invited her back.

The government's war is working, in part because the animal rights movement is so young and so naive. But it is successful also because many in it refuse to see the political realities, and decide to traffic in lies and innuendos that fuel differences and invite splits, rather than work for true animal liberation.

Glick says in his book that the strategy of the government in dealing with political groups has been consistent for years - isolate the most militant and radical groups for direct attack and promise others that 'things would be easier' for them if they disassociated from such 'violent and disruptive elements'....If any of this sounds familiar, it is because the tactic is the same one espoused by the American Medical Association (AMA) in its 'battle plan' against the animal rights movement. In the plan, it is suggested that those opposed to animal rights work with government agencies to 'isolate' hard-core activists from the rest of the movement, which the AMA plan described as 'weak'.

Those very close to the case in Sacramento suggest that the number of activists who have collaborated on the West Coast could be 10 or more. Those activists have given up names, numbers, and other information to the FBI and other repressive police groups in return for being 'left alone'. The really frightening specter is that those people - who have informed on other activists - are still active in the movement, free to gather still more information to pass on to the government and industry grand inquisitors.

During the three years of grand juries in CA, activists have often been asked only to 'confirm' information. If they collaborated, they were told by the government, they would save themselves. But, to cooperate in any sense with government repression has to be likened to collaborating with the enemy in a time of war - and surely if we, as activists, are not at war, then the animals are.

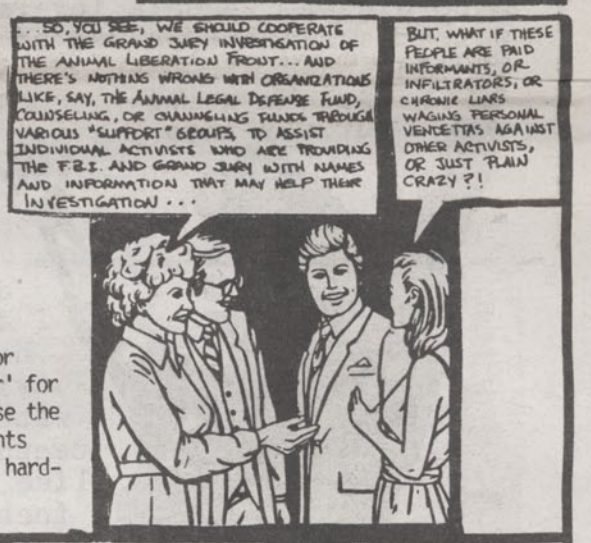
And to collaborate with the government will only insure that the killing - by the billions - of animals will continue for an even longer time than it should.

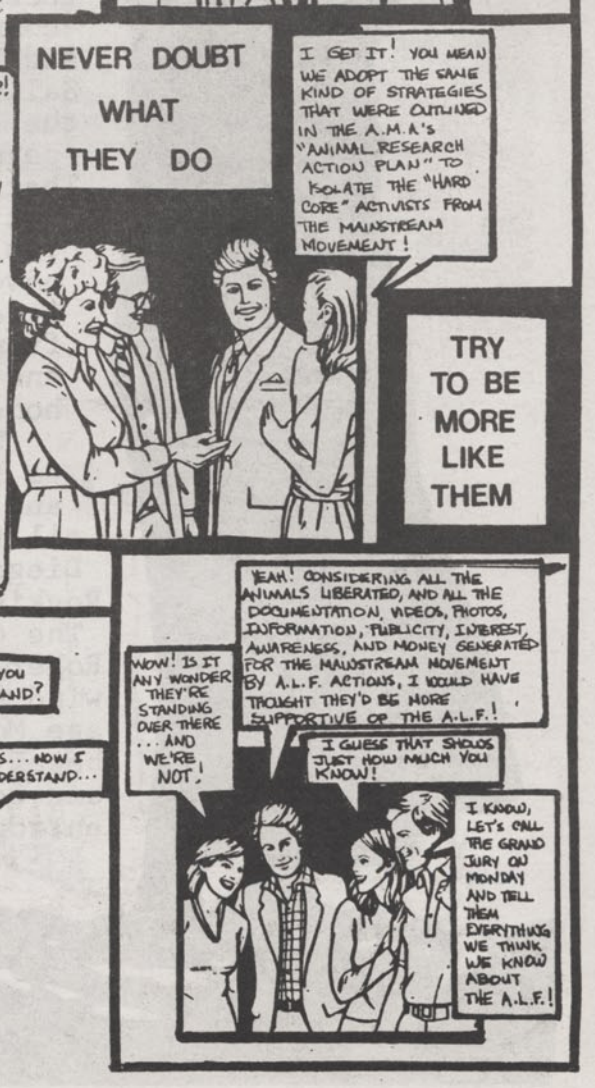
Henry Hutto, the Oregon activist who refused to answer any government questions when asked during the federal Grand Jury tribunal in Sacramento last October, showed us all how to act ethically. He repeatedly rebuffed government prosecutors, and told them it was 'none of (their) business who I associate with.'

Because of his loyalty to both animals and fellow activists, Hutto was jailed for 45 days. But, he lived through it, rallying activists to his side who demanded - and won - his release from solitary confinement. The government - to our knowledge - gave up not only prosecuting him, but gave up their investigation as well. That U.S. Grand Jury - after Hutto's bravery - wrapped up its one-year session without calling another witness.

To thwart government repression will take courage and ethical behavior. That is exactly and simply what is needed to not only stop repression of us, but the oppression of all animals on this planet.

--Crescenzo Vellucci





Felony charges of burglary, theft, conspiracy and criminal mischief (for the 1986 ALF University of Oregon raid) against Vellucci and two others were recently dropped by the State of Oregon pending pretrial.

The California animal liberation movement is still stagnant in its own pool of bickering, suspicion and infighting.



Lookin' Good?

If you really care about animal exploitation, abuse, and slaughter, you'd better be!

How will YOU look when YOU'RE marching down steps in our nation's capitol this June? For an in-depth analysis of career images in the animal rights movement, check out the Dec.'89 issue of the Animals' Agenda magazine for Victoria Moran's timely and thought-provoking commentary entitled, "Lookin' Good". This article is a MUST for all animal rights professionals - and for all those who have hopes of someday becoming one! Rarely does an article capture and embody the true essence of today's mainstream movement - and in such an easy-to-read, shameless manner.

Assuring activists they need not look like they just walked off the pages of Vogue or GQ (although an innate flair for fashion is a definite plus!) to make their turn on the runway of animal rights activism a stylish and impressive one, Moran shares valuable wardrobe tips with readers; including how middle-class and low-income activists can acquire that "flawlessly tailored" look on a shoe-string budget - provided, of course, the Junior League thrift store in their area is stocked with used apparel which offers activists "muted colors and classic designs" in their sizes.

But the real plum of this insightful piece is the way Moran tackles the shoes-and-leather issue. By accepting the standards which have established "expensive leather" (vs. that cheapy-looking, tacky, inexpensive dead animal skin) as the "earmark" of haute couture, Moran offers hope that these standards can be maintained, and mimicked, with synthetics.

And Moran does allow for less formal wear for more casual events, such as rallies and marches (as long as practicality and common sense prevail); but, hastens to add that organizers and spokespersons for such events should always pay heed to sound and conventional fashion wisdom.

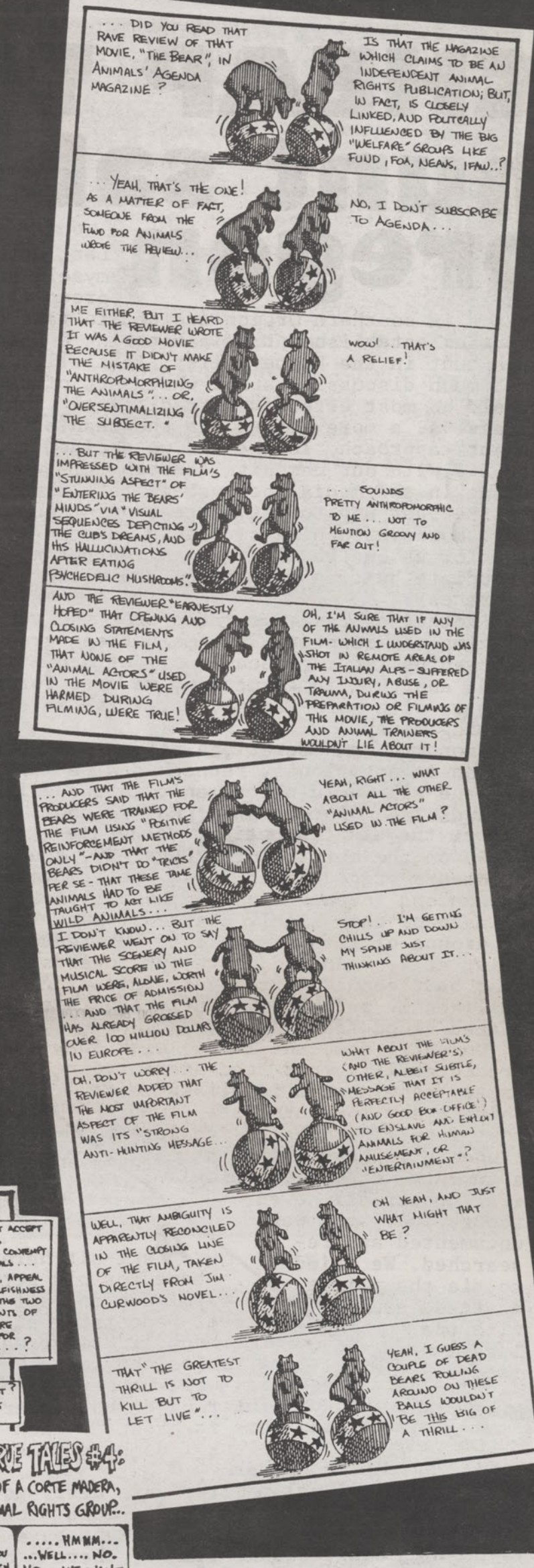
This article even provides helpful hints on how to dress for TV talk shows and videos ("green and blue as particularly camera friendly". . . "patterns can be dizzying, and are best avoided") which compliments her recent commentary in this April's Agenda entitled, "Lights, Camera, Activism!".

To sum it up, Moran confronts the question, "why should we fuss over our appearance when we're dealing with life and death issues? 'I dress for this movement to show the respect I have for it,' said an activist who always looks terrific.' I don't think any of us want to do less."

Sacrifice. Real sacrifice. Like always looking terrific. That's what it's all about! Don't let those video-taped reports on the evening news, showing throngs of jeans-and-corduroy-clad (and VERY unprofessional-looking) proletariat in the midst of overthrowing various oppressive (albeit, well-dressed) regimes, convince you that we can achieve our goals wearing such frumpy, dated, and uncoordinated outfits.

And remember, one of the most important rules of fashion "dos" and "don'ts" is that people DO judge a book by its cover; and, even though that is fundamentally wrong (and a simplistic, shallow and potentially dangerous rule-of-thumb to operate under) we must adhere, and acquiesce, to it!

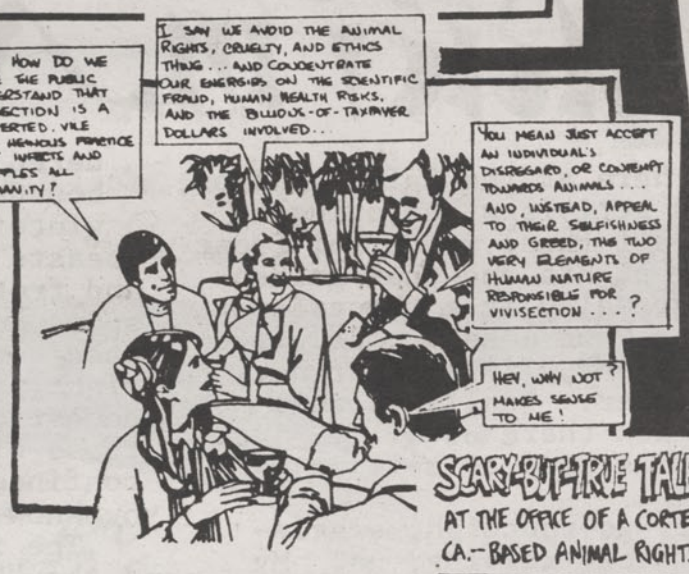
And don't forget the most important acessory of all . . . a pleasant smile to match your terrific, new image - because if YOU'RE not lookin' good, the ANIMALS aren't lookin' good!





DEVON

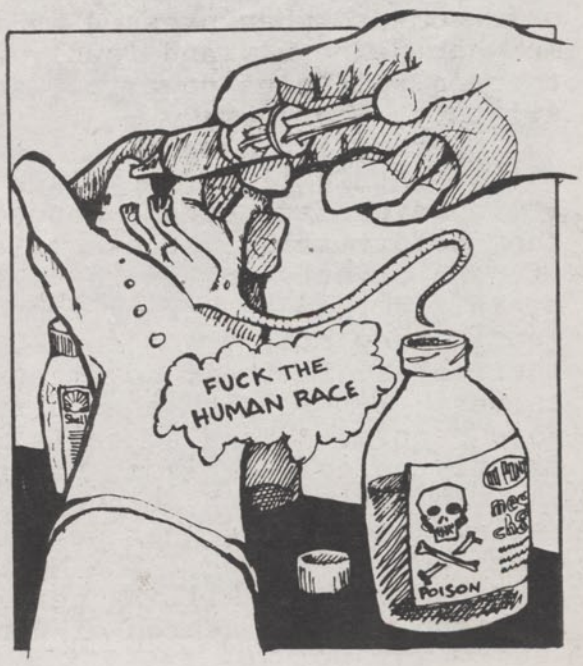
In May two Scottish wildcats incarcerated in Paignton zoo were rescued. This action was co-ordinated with a similar raid in Essex where two Scottish wildcats were rescued from Colchester zoo. After being checked by a vet all four cats were driven to a suitable location in Scotland and released into the wild.



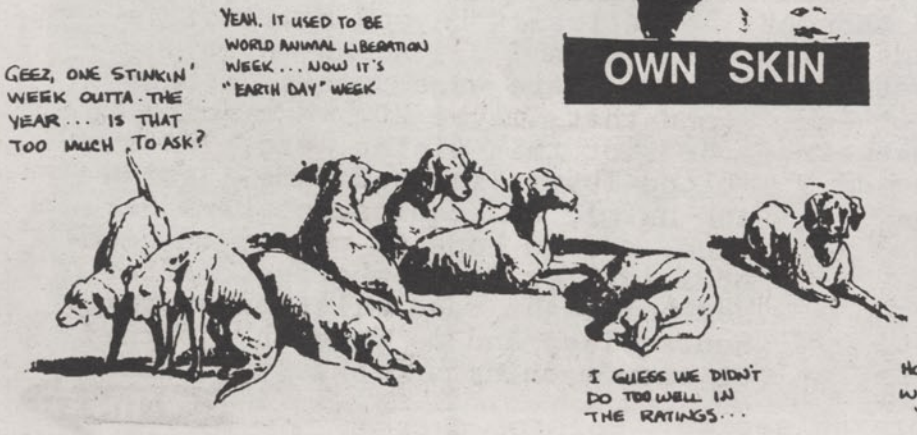
SCARY-BUT-TRUE TALES #4:

AT THE OFFICE OF A CORTE MADERA, CA.-BASED ANIMAL RIGHTS GROUP...

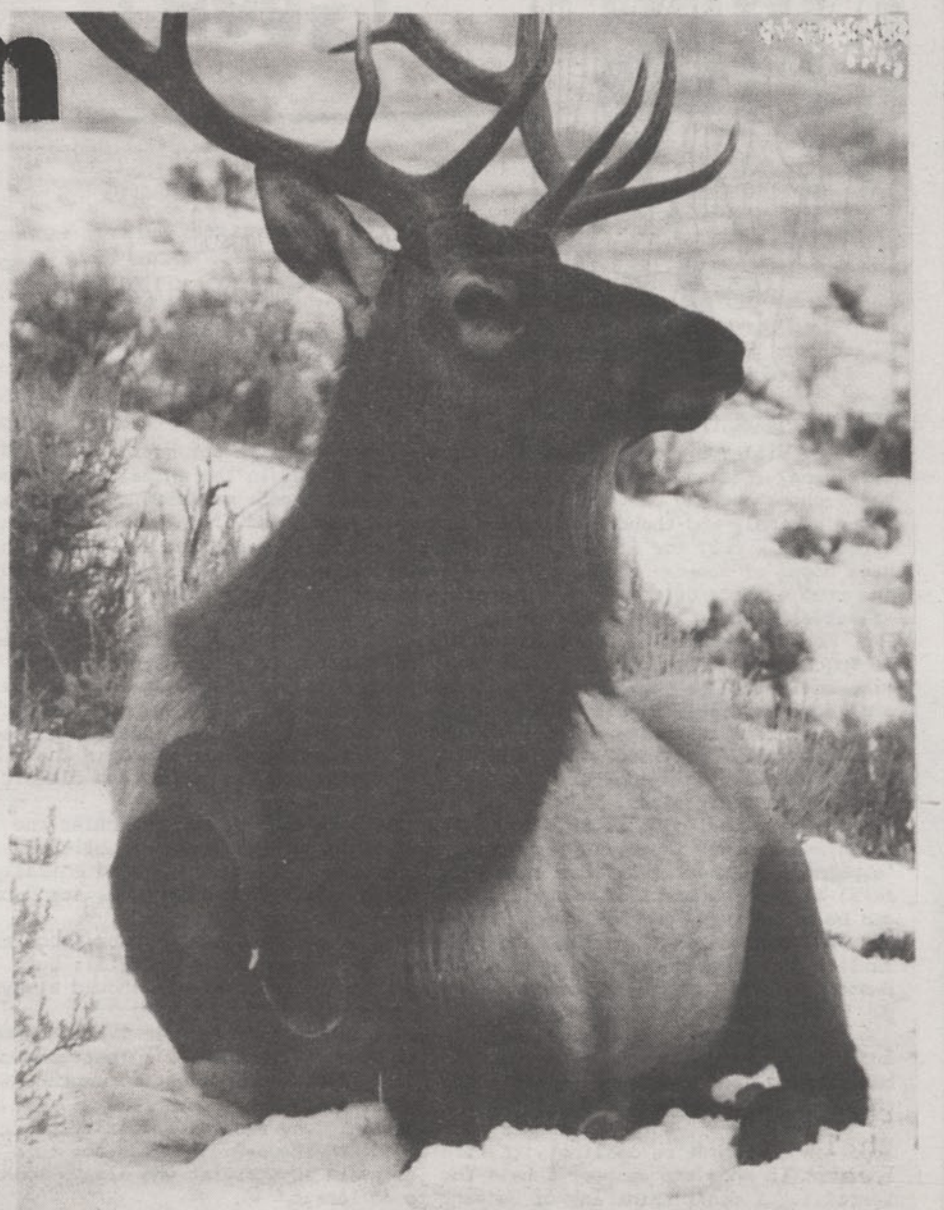








CHEAP THRILLS: hunt sab in oregon



Last October, myself and a group of activists in southern Oregon decided to take on the hunting establishment by sabotaging a Cascade elk hunt in the Rogue Valley. Initially, there was much discussion about what sort of tactics would be most effective:"traditional" hunt sabotage vs. a more covert "in the dead of the night" approach. In the end we decided to go public with our campaign (though this would bring in the media) because we felt this would be the best way to stimulate thought on hunting. Monkeywrenching certainly held an attraction for us but we also recognized the need to repudiate hunting propaganda and raise public awareness.

Another obstacle we faced from the very beginning was funding. When mainstream groups refused us funding because of our decentralized, anarchistic structure, we were forced to come up with more (ahem)...creative ways of raising money.

Economic considerations aside, southern Oregon is notoriously redneck and we knew saving the elk would not be easy in these isolated communities. But we also knew we could not ignore the elks' haunting, desperate screams.

So on the morning of October 20, the Hunt Saboteurs staged their first public protest in Oregon and forever changed the political climate of this highly charged issue. Traveling in groups of fifteen, we left our rendezvous point at 4:30 AM and drove out towards the popular battlezone of Prospect, intending to intelligently and non-violently sabotage the planed blood feast.

Up until now, the media, with flawless predictability, had been stereotyping us as "sentimental idealists", "hippie environmentalists", and most insulting of all, "college students". They laughed at our arguments- ethical, biological, political- even though they were well documented and researched. We tried to tie the plight of these elk with the larger issues

cont.

i wanna be a buffalo soldier in America

As I sit here at the Cafe Cameleon, home for old activists, enjoying my warm soup and all those wonderful Front Street pedestrian sights and that golden afternoon light (actually it's the crisp and pre-golden light, but I know that golden quality will be here soon), I'm brought back to my winter bison encounter. Really there's nothing here to bring me back there at all... just a story now, but I do have this need to tell it... this personal story.

My visual memories are merry-go-roundish, single-frame flashes which make for good story telling, no? My emotional memories of the incident have that same quality: bang, bang, bang, flash, flash! There's been a strange reluctance to "share" the bison hunt sabotage story, and I've only done so when pressed by friends. Once a friend shocked me when he openly and loudly wept at the telling. Maybe there's something powerful, something primal, archetypal in all this, who knows?

Let me say here that the buffalo is not my totem animal (mountain lions and black salamanders are more like it.) Never have dreamt about the bison and have never met them before this... those majestic creatures, often thought of, and rightly so, as the symbol of the prairielands. My initial and recurring impressions of them are just how gentle they are... so gentle... you can easily see it in their eyes, in their movements, in the mothers with their calves. I'm told by a good friend that they can and do gore people. She also tells me that they should correctly be called bison, not buffalo, and so I will.

In early March, eleven of us gathered in west Yellowstone to see what we could do to prevent some death and suffering. The Montana Fish and Game Dept. had issued three killing permits for a small herd of 20 bison who, in search of winter forage, had wandered outside of the park boundaries. The previous winter, 569 of the unlucky beasts had gone down in blood and froth, all in the name of sport and the convenient excuse that their wanderings might pass on brucellosis to domestic cattle. (Got to keep those wild beasts and diseases confined to national parks, you know...)

The individual suffering and the "killing fields" scenario aside, the species factor - the sheer number of them slaughtered - was appalling. Two-thirds of the northern herd gone; over a quarter of the total Yellowstone population. These are essentially some of the last free-roaming bison in North America. The whole thing was practically beyond belief... a bad dream? ... a bad movie?

There were rumors of this and that, maybe 200 were going to be shot this winter, etc. With a blood-lusty Fish and Game (Squish and Maim), an acquiescent Park Service, and no hope in court, it seemed a job for Hunt Sabotage. After some midnight road miles and a few hours sleep and a "dawnish" journey be snow machine and skis, we found

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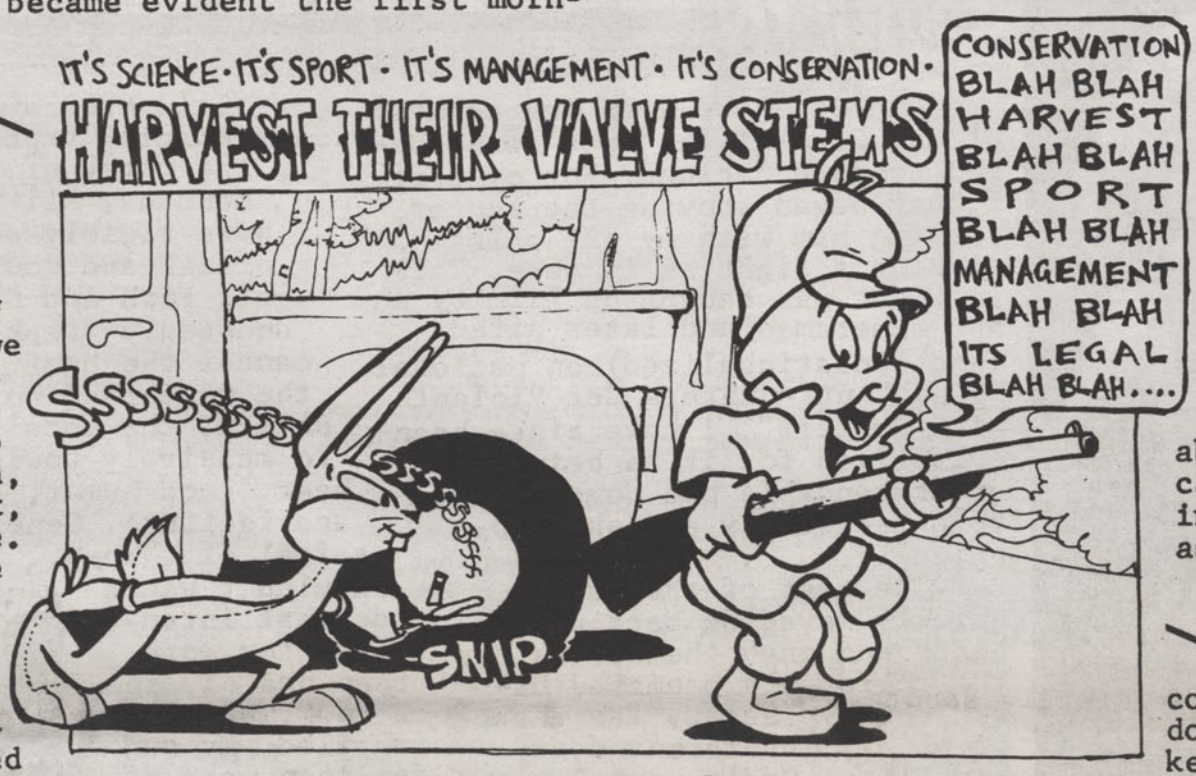
of power , patriarchy, gluttony, scientific materialism... we connected the elks' right to peaceful coexistence with the war on all wild things; entire nations with whom homo sapiens share this planet and the journey through life.

The public never heard these viewpoints though, because of press bias and manipulation every step of the way. They made sure to ridicule and mock us. We quickly saw that no one in Oregon had the courage to expose the flimsy hunting myths that extoll the hunter as a "noble conservationist" and hide the true sordid tale of blood and extinction. The hunting industry and the gun lobby dominate Oregon politics, along with timber, and virtually control the state. The media knew better than to tackle those monolithic special interest groups, and so they used their considerable powers of persuasion to support hunting.

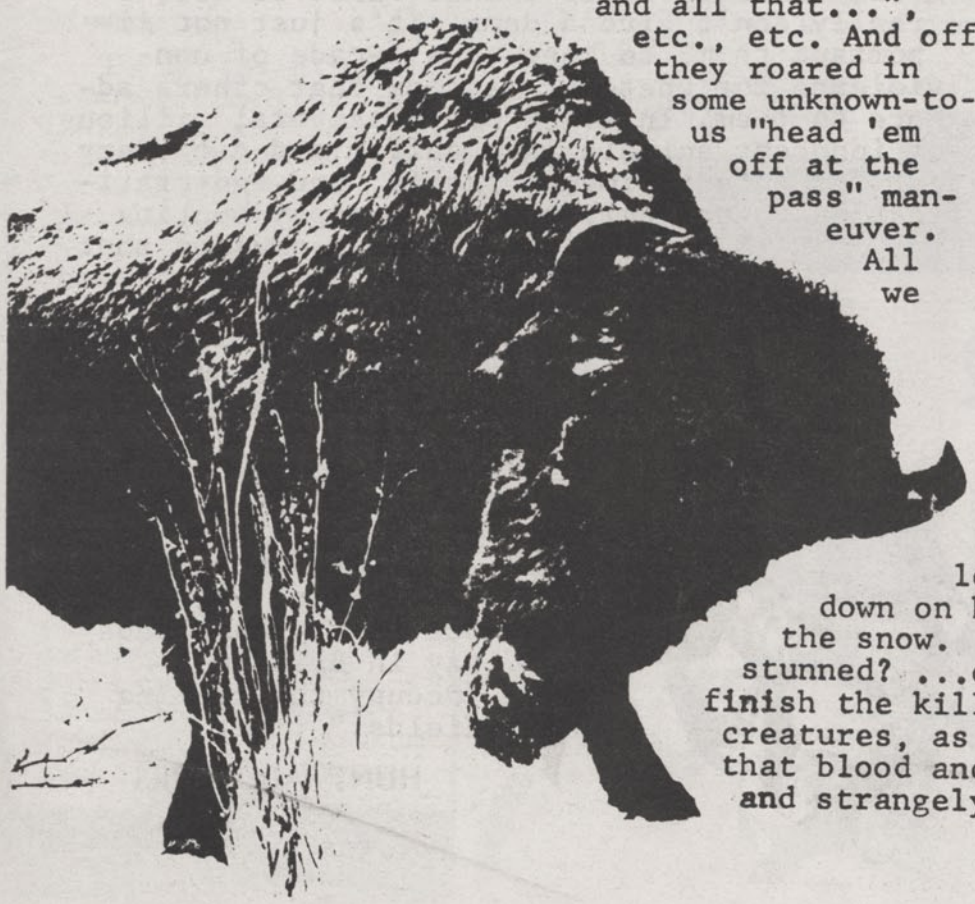
Still, word of sabotage set off shockwaves of reactionary fear in the Prospect and Butte Falls area. The extent of that fear became evident the first morning of the hunt when our teams began to spot spraypainted death threats and antagonistically worded banners along the foggy, winding road to Prospect. Scrawled out in primitive redneck jargon were messages like "shoot da bull" and "Earth First Dicks". They had even gone to the trouble of cutting out a silhouette of a person, drawing a bullseye on the chest, and splattering it with red paint. We were behind enemy lines in such an inbred area that anything could happen. These were the same idiots logging our forests; the same defective slobs shooting each other in drunken brawls. They were used to settling their differences with guns and there was no way we could realistically guarentee our safety.

Some of the teams ignored the potential danger and went ahead to the hunting sites, while others decided to stay behind and reassess our strategy. Those worried about venturing into the killing fields staged a protest at a hunter hang-out called The Trophy Room, where hundreds of stuffed carcasses hang from the walls in twisted pride. The protests climaxed late in the afternoon when an obese good ol' boy pulled up with the head of an elk in his pick-up. His drinking buddies immediately congratulated him starting a heated confrontation between them and the Saboteurs. I will never be able to forget the callous look of glee in the hunter's eyes as he showed off his macho trophy to his friends. There was no pity or could do was keep the bison as bunched-up as possible, surround, and follow their slow progress. Needless to say, we were all gearing up physically and mentally, and were soon not to be disappointed.

cont.



buffalo... the herd during early morning near Horse Butte. With time to spare before the arrival of the hunters, we spent a peaceful hour or two getting to know the bison, their movement, their presence. Eventually the game wardens arrived, as expected, on their snow-mobiles, seemingly mystified by our presence, assuring us that they were there for the public safety and also, did we know that hunter harassment was against the law? Blah, blah, blah... we've heard it all before. State Fish and Game wardens everywhere, not unlike Forest Service personnel and for that matter, government agents in general, are always quick to assure you that they are un-biased public servants and in this instance, out there managing all those pesky and unruly natural resources for the good of all. Keeping the illusion alive, as it were. There followed on our part some heart-felt attempts to dissuade them from carrying on. We told them in so many words of our intentions to both chronicle and disrupt the hunt as we saw fit. They left to pow-wow with the hunters and their cohorts waiting a little distance away. Not too difficult to imagine the conversation... "Whatever these yahoo granola-heads do, don't bug 'em, hunter safety and all that...", etc., etc. And off they roared in some unknown-to-us "head 'em off at the pass" maneuver. All we



The "ambush" came in a place where beach meets bluff on this most beautiful frozen lake we'd been traversing. In a flash, the confrontation was on. Previously thought-out tactical maneuvers and positions easily gelled into action as each of us assumed our niche: Nancy as video queen, Bill the buffalo herder, Kyle the spokesperson, Mary the snow-machine warrior, etc. At the first sight of the hunters on the hill, we successfully turned the herd around with lots of yahooing and yippy-yi-aieing, and ruined any long-distance shooting they'd hoped for. So far, so good. The animals were panicky, but we'd managed to herd them into an easily defended area, an open beach surrounded by thick woods.

What followed surprised us all. The hunters and wardens began approaching very close to us with the obvious intent of shooting into the herd, in spite of our presence, clearly violating every hunter safety code there ever was... and all hell just broke loose. We did our best to keep the confused bison moving as well as just plain blocking... physically intervening with the hunters progress.

Nevertheless came the first shot. The tableau was set. This gorgeous animal (why her?) down on her knees coughing out her life and blood onto the snow. Not a quick death, the hunter standing by... stunned? ...elated? Greta was weeping and begging him to finish the kill. (Greta truly embraces the bison, maybe all creatures, as her sisters and brothers.) The sight of all that blood and the sound of mourning in that most beautiful and strangely ethereal place was just too much, certainly

CONTINUED

remorse for the elks' life, only delight that he now had another phallic symbol to boost his fragile ego.

The hunters defended their right to kill with quotations from the bible and other anti-life manifestos. As both sides grew angrier, I began to feel as though I had entered a time warp and was back in medieval Europe witnessing a witch trial, only this time the inquisition is against all free beings....

The Cascade elk hunt continued for another five days and groups of saboteurs were out there the whole time with air horns and scents to keep the elk away from the roads, and trying to stop the holocaust. Due to our limited numbers we were not very successful in saving the elk but we did gain valuable 'on the job' training. Every year in the US 200 million animals are killed by sport hunters. An additional 25% escape wounded and maimed. Wildlife agencies spend more than 90% of their funds on game species, deliberately increasing population levels to ensure hunting will continue year after year. How long are we going to stand by while a 7% hunting minority controls 100% of the wildlife in the US, deciding who lives and who dies? Rest assured there will be more sabotages until the last rifle is broken. There will be further disruptions of hunts in Oregon. We need people to help due to our limited numbers. Please contact us and we'll keep you posted on future actions.

—Simon Moon

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BYE-BYE!



THIS IS DEDICATED TO THE ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE OF NUCLA, COLORADO WHO KNOW A VARMINT WHEN THEY SEE ONE — 3000+ TO BE EXACT, ALL BLOWN AWAY ONE FINE JULY WEEKEND, 1990. YEP, VARMINT CONTROL AND GOOD CLEAN FUN...

-buffalo...

enough to shake even the calmest of us. Some of the rest of us began to come unglued. For my part, I just began shoving the hunter, jabbing him with my ski poles, picking a fight as it were. This incident was caught on film by an NBC cameraman and later aired (and sensationalized) on national TV as "Anti-Hunters Get Violent with Hunters". I have since been criticized for it as being "an understandable but dumb move" both tactically and philosophically.

The rest of the hunt quickly moved on back up the beach and onto the bluffs, as the thoroughly panicked bison charged ahead, far ahead of us all, hunters and antis alike. Oddly, our 3 snowmachiners, which until then had been an equalizing factor, got bogged down and could not keep up with the hunters, and their snowmobile-sled teams eventually outdistanced the rest of us struggling along on skis, snowshoes and on foot. Long-distancers Bill and Bikini managed to intervene in the second kill, but only for a matter of moments until the "clean shot".

So down went our second animal, and finally the third, the hunt stretching out over several miles. Those of us who arrived too late to help "number two" and "number three" settled for some further displays of outrageous and angry antics, best highlighted by Mary's audaciousness. As a spontaneous ritual of sorts, she painted blood onto the hunter number three's surprised face while pronouncing some curse on him. This stunt apparently also made it on TV.

Three hours after it began, the hunt was over and the butchering began, (saw off that head!). We'd expended an enormous amount of effort, and I know several of us began "crashing" emotionally. Somehow we'd gotten separated into twos and threes, stragglers here and there, and I had the good luck to ski back alone for a four or five mile distance; a chance for my head to clear. What had been accomplished? For all its practical and visible failure to save three lives, the sab felt successful.

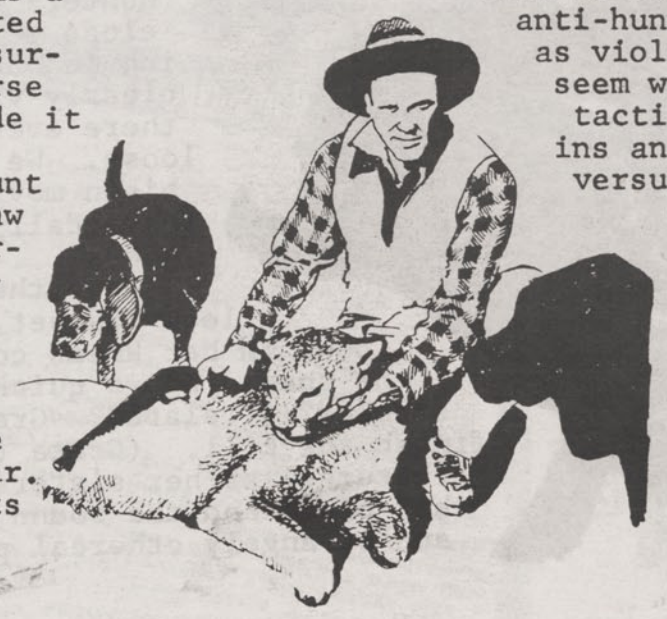
It'd been an incredibly bonding experience for us, the first of its kind in Montana. All three hunters were visibly shaken by the ordeal and wouldn't soon forget. Fish and Game was undoubtedly freaked. Would they cancel the hunt for the rest of the winter? I hoped so!

Back at the motel room, we began to massively unwind: pizza, beer, good humor, conversation, and feelings. Generally there was a feel of, "Whew, wouldn't wanna do that intensity for more than one day in a row". We were frazzled. My own feelings were of a vulnerable sort for a long while afterwards, and I was quite unprepared for all the wierdness that started coming down a few days later... the whole ski pole poking thing on TV, the animal rights group that funded us distancing themselves from me and the "violence" I'd shown, rumors of assault charges and I shouldn't talk to the media, etc. It all just seemed so...what? Complicated? Lonely?



I guess some people want to know what's up with this violence thing. First of all, I really don't give a damn. It's just not important to me to keep up a facade of non-violence for whatever reasons that others adhere to them. In light of the several millions of innocent animals that suffer and die every year for entertainment, profit, and ego-gratification in the ugly world of trophy hunting, I find it both sad and amusing that anti-hunters are being portrayed as violent. It just doesn't seem worth going into all the tactical and philosophical ins and outs of non-violence versus violence.

It's all so far from the golden light here at the cafe. I say, yeah ...be non-violent or be violent, whatever. But as the hunt sabs say in Britain, "Occupy the killing fields!"



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O MY GAWDESS... NOT THE RADICAL FAERIES



So, I really don't know how this article is going to come out since it is being written to an audience that I don't know the make-up of, and whether or not people who will be reading it are people who have had much experience around gay people that they know of, and in particular, gay people who are wild, wild, wild! But I like LWOD, and probably everyone who reads it (except freaked-out cops that are trying to figure out what's happening to this society), and since the Radical Faerie family is growing so fast and people want to know about it, I'm trying. One thing that I should point out at first, though, is that what I say about this gang may not be at all what another fairy would say. In fact, I am taking some risk in writing this totally without consulting anyone...severe penalties could result. I could have tepid coffee thrown on me at a posh social event in an old barn, be cursed, or worst of all, have my drag (attire in general, but in this case dresses, wigs, makeup, priceless jewelry) craftly stolen from me just before a crucial fashion show. Also, I am a fag, and so this is a gay male's perspective of what has been, to date, an experience amongst a gay male family.

To start with, queers have been around for as long as people, and no doubt before, since homosexuality exists among every animal species and probably plants too. Though patriarchy has attempted to destroy any record of us and our cultures, as with women and (in the caes of the West) pre-Christian nature religions, some things survive. We know through remnant mythologies and stories with various architypes (usually convoluted to straight purposes) that queer culture existed in the past, held power, respect and ritual purpose in "society" and was a crucible for the creation aof what we call majick. Though there is a lot of controversy about the roles queers have played through the ages and whether we were all Shamans, Witches and other healers, or exploited as in the modern case, there are histories, traditions and Fairy tales from which we can glean that there have been times when lesbians and gay men lived freely and wildly, and that those times ended with the establishment of patriarchal, monotheistic, anti-nature religion. End of short herstory/history.

Now, what about Radical Fraeries. Well, in June, 1969, in Greenwich Village, New York, queers mourning the death of our friend Judy Garland got raided in our then mob-run bars, beat up and hassles by the cops as was the custom. This time it was too much. The radicalism of the sixties, and grief and rage over Judy's death combined to ignite an explosion. Led by drag queens with spiked heels in hand and butch dykes, the lesbian and gay community lauched a three-day riot that drove the cops out and sparked the modern Gay Liberation movement. That event is referred to as the Stonewall Riot because it started in the Stonewall Inn bar. The idea of gay liberation was that all forms of sexuality everywhere would be freed and that such a situation would provide for the maximum in human expression. Whaangh!! By the late 1970's some sad trends had developed. For one, the gay scene had become commercialized to a great extent. The right to party openly had been won, and we did. All the time. Gay/lesbian bars and mainly gay male bathhouses flouished, making their middle-class owners powerful spokespersons/political funders in the community. Gay ghettos developed in all the major cities, where one could live, party and forget about what hell it was to be queer in god-knows-where, amerika. With enough money, you could even buy a gay "lifestyle". The incredible mix of music that queer clubs were famous for boxed into something called disco-uniform, commercialized socially useless. The struggle devolved into one based on the more narrow concept of gay rights, complete with PACs, lobbying..."let's wear suits and distance ourselves from the weird queers: SMers, boy lovers, motorcycle dykes, punks, prostitutes, drag queens, pagans, radicals - you know, the night crowd."

So, that was the late seventies... except for lots of things I don't know about, and some small groups of basically gay hippie radicals who started getting together in places like deserts and forests and talking and eating and exploring sex majick, and exploring their connection with the Earth and the obliterated story of our love with her. Around 1978, the Radical Faeries were founded with an organization called Nomenus (no men us). Though a lot of people were involved, a prominent fairy named Harry Hay, formerly of the Communist Party, USA and founder of the Mattachine Society in 1949, had a lot to do with the whole thing. Our get-togethers spread across the land and people bought farms here and there, sometimes cooperatively. Pretty soon, there was





Zsa Zsa Gabor's recent conviction for Assault of a police officer and Resisting Arrest is an affront to all of us who value personal freedom and desire to smash the state. All truth-loving people should take to the streets, armed with Desire, and protest this latest outrage perpetrated by the System, which as always, reacts to its imminent demise with fascist crackdowns.

In her bold anti-authoritarian gesture, slapping a police officer across the face when he stopped her for speeding, Zsa Zsa struck a blow not only against one man's cheek, but also a blow against the entire Patriarchal Colonialist Machine. With her subtle taste for the absurd she cheered our hearts throughout the travesty of her trial, and now we cheer her in return: "Hail, Comrade Zsa Zsa! We salute you!" Through her outlandish behavior at the trial, Gabor showed the judicial process for the manufactured spectacle that it is, and displayed a true understanding of the phrase "negation of negation." PIRF supports Zsa Zsa as she enters into prison, and into the annals of revolutionary history as well.

Yes, Zsa Zsa is a true martyr for all of us to hold dear during the ups and downs of creating the material conditions for the People's Revolution. Tempered into steel by her trial of fire, Gabor will surely emerge from incarceration to lead us to victory against the Leviathan State. Thank you, Zsa Zsa Gabor!

A Statement by the Post-Ideological Resistance Front

a network of us communicating through a magazine called RFD, and other routes of course. Since I first began going to Faerie gatherings in '86, I've seen the "movement" triple, and probably quadruple in size. Annual gatherings happen in Washington, Oregon (where we have an 80 acre farm), California (where we have all kinds of stuff), Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Wisconson, Tennessee (where a queer pagan farms exists of wimmin, faeries and children), Pennsylvania, upstate New York, at the Homo Camp within each Rainbo gathering, and in Canada. They also happen at peoples' houses on occasions such as full moons, solstices, Beltane, Lomas Tide, birthdays, etc.

At this point, probably the best thing to do is tell about a gathering and, through that, maybe explain what it's all about. First, some queens decide to organize a gathering and, once they've found a place, they issue a call to the whole network of us that have been to them before and have gotten on the Fairy Mailing List. If we move around too much, or don't want to be on any list, we might have called Telefairy in San Fransisco and gotten the rundown on what's happening for the season. The call describes the place, what we'll need as far as supplies for however rugged and rough the conditions will be, when it is and what sort of theme or celebration the gathering is about. Also, there is an estimate of the cost of the gathering, mailings, food, rent of the property/park (always gorgeous and secluded), with a clause stating that no one should not attend the gathering due to lack of funds. When you get there, it's anarchy. Faggots know how to cook and throw a party...and we do, honey! People bring tons of clothes...costumes, sashes, skirts, heels, wigs, boas, princely outfits, SM gear, and makeup by the case, often freshly liberated from department stores in the frontline struggle against capitalism. Cooperatively, we make food (vegan usually), set up neighborhoods in the woods, complete with names and ferocious class delineations, organize rituals, go swimming, climb trees and just lay around in leopard G-strings, sometimes for weeks at a time. We also engage in "dishing," which occupies a great deal of time, and is mainly gossiping about people and back-biting, which quickly gets around and helps solve disputes. Once, a tabloid was even made during a month-long gathering. We also go on hikes, have safe-sex orgies, fabulous talent and fashion shows, which really are amazing and conduct workshops on politics and everything else. We sit in circles everyday (if one wants to) and talk from our hearts about whatever it is we need or want to talk about.

CONTINUED (after 'Howls')

ECONOMICS OF DESTRUCTION

The Environmental Impact of Land Ownership



Recurring graffiti on new fences in Santa Cruz,

By Anders Corr

Today's predominate system of land tenure, which gives absolute ownership of land and other natural resources to individuals, is detrimental to the environment. It is a philosophy that sanctions the destruction of plants and animals, and justifies the robbery from future generations of their right to a clean and bountiful world. It's presently ingrained characteristics of real estate speculation and inequality of distribution create situations in which people are forced to destroy forests, an essential link in the biological system of the planet. Though there may be particular cases where a certain piece of land has had the advantage and protection of a beneficent owner, private property in land has been, on the whole, an antagonistic influence on the well-being of the environment.

Though this paper is focused on the environmentally ill effects of the present system of land ownership, it's point will be clarified if we take a moment to visualize a better system. This system would radically change our perceptions of the land and drastically alter our land use patterns. Rather than feeling as if the individuals who used the land "owned" the land, it would be recognized that their use of the the land constituted a loan from the community and from future generations. Chief Seattle, in his address to President Pierce's 1854 offer to buy a large tract of Indian land put it well.

> We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother but his enemy, and when he has conquered it he moves on. He leaves his fathers graves behind and does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care. His fathers' graves and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought and plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

As well as not being owned, land would be distributed in such a way as to enable those who need it most to be the stewards of the land, rather than the present system whereby a few land owners engross massive estates and shut the many out, creating a desperate class of landless people who all too often must destroy the environment to survive from day to day.



Individual Property

The philosophy of property in land embodies a moral and legal right to destroy the environment. According to *American Jurisprudence*, an encyclopaedia of law, "property" refers to the unrestricted right to an objects use, enjoyment and disposition.[1] This philosophy confers an absolute right to the indefinite use of our forests, rivers, air and hills upon an individual to the exclusion of all other generations present and future. It is insensitive to the independent right of plants and animals to the enjoyment of their own lives, treating them, within the definition of property, as mere inanimate objects. It is a belief system whereby 'a gift that comes only once in the lifetime of the planet, namely ancient, native forests, representing over 100,000,000 years of complex biological evolution,'[2] may be clear cut for the short term profits of the land owner. It embraces the maxim 'one may do with one's own what one wills' in a totally inappropriate context, that disenfranchises the future to a wholesome environment.

The rape of the environment, a now somewhat familiar metaphor, can be further illustrated by the parallels between land ownership and marriage. According to Andrea Dworkin, "Marriage laws sanctified rape by reiterating the right of the rapist to ownership of the raped."[3] As the marriage certificate creates a property in the woman, "providing a legal qualification that a husband cannot rape his own wife,"[4] so the title deed creates a property in the land, providing a legal and irreproachable right to the rape of the environment.

Unequal Distribution and Speculation

Land ownership has a detrimental effect on the environment through the large unemployed landless or semi-landless population created by it's present deliberate and profitable characteristics of real estate speculation and inequality of distribution. These characteristics are essential to a profitable land ownership system, because by withholding the plentiful, good agricultural land from the poor, it forces them to become low paid wage earners for the rich.

Throughout the world tolls are being levied on the environment by countless unemployed landless families who, denied access to agricultural land, must seek survival in the fragile soils of native forests. According to Philip Johnston, President of CARE, an environmental organization working on education and sustainable agriculture in developing nations.

> "To feed their families, poor farmers in Nepal are clearing forests for farmland. The soil quickly becomes depleted and the farmers are forced to clear more land, cutting down even more trees.....In the mountainous areas of Guatemala, landless farmers are forced to plant crops on steep hillsides where rain and wind sweep away topsoil, leaving the land useless."[5]

Brazil is an especially glaring example of needless destruction. Government land policy contributes to deforestation by conferring title to land upon the clearance of the forest. A cleared forest is legally an 'improvement' on the land.

The inequality of land distribution is another leading cause of deforestation. Catherine Caufield, in her book *In the Rainforest* states

> Brazil has 2.3 acres of farmland per person, which is more than the United States, the world's greatest exporter of food. Taking potential farmland into account but still leaving aside Amazonia, each person in Brazil could have 10 acres. Instead, 4.5 percent of Brazil's landowners own 81 percent of the country's farmland, and 70 percent of rural households are landless.[6]

Many of Brazil's landless, facing starvation, clear the rain forest which in 1988 was 8 to 10 percent smaller than it's original size.[7] It is ironic that the amount of Brazilian rainforest left, 3.8 million square kilometers,[8] is nearly equal to the amount of agricultural land that is not being farmed but is being held out of production for speculative reasons by the few powerful landlords. If utilized and distributed in an equitable manner, this 3.35 million square kilometers[9] would virtually halt Brazil's destruction of the Amazon, the worlds largest tropical moist forest.

In addition to creating a large class of desperate landless families, inequality of distribution impedes the worker, who by nature of her or his work has an individual and personal relationship with the land, air and water, from making decisions regarding the best way to treat the environment. Profit oriented orders issue forth from a landed class of owners who have no personal connection and understanding of the amount of environmental destruction that their policies, often carried out far away in corporate headquarters, actually perpetrate. With a system in which the worker was the decision maker and steward of the natural resources, the responsibility and benefits of environ mentally sustainable industry and agriculture would be squarely on the shoulders of those with the closest relationship to the land.

Hope in Struggle

There is some reason to be hopeful about the future of the human relationship to the earth. Among the vast number of allies that the struggle for sustainable life on this planet has are those working for justice in our systems of land tenure. Joshua Karliner, in his *Political Ecology and U.S. Foreign Policy* states that

> Peasant movements fighting for land redistribution.....may become the fundamental force that can reverse the surging tide of rainforest destruction in Central America. For while they are not driven strictly by ecological considerations, genuine land reform movements are inherently environmental movements in that they seek to bring food production out of the forests and off the hillsides.[10]

Changing the perceptions and practices of our systems of land tenure and ownership are fraught with political difficulties. Karliner explains:

> Gruesome stories abound of peasant communities that were literally blown away for organizing resistance to cattle ranchers who were evicting them from their land and pushing them deeper into the rainforest.
>
> In the mid-1960's for example, Guatemalan peasants organized to keep their land. An armed guerrilla movement emerged at the edge of the rainforest to challenge both the government and the ranchers. In response, a U.S. Special Forces team directed a Guatemalan counterinsurgency campaign that used helicopter gunships, fighter bombers, and napalm to destroy a 500-person guerrilla insurgency. It is estimated that the army killed an additional 6,000 to 8,000 people in the process.....Similar conflicts occurred in Nicaragua and Honduras, and—with less violence—in Costa Rica.[11]

Regardless of the consequences, the struggle for equitable systems of land tenure go on, and where victories have been won, there also have been victories for the environment. During the first five years after the Nicaraguan revolution, the Sandinista

CONTINUED



government instituted a program of land reform which successfully halted all rainforest colonization projects.[12] The struggles of Appalachian farmers to preserve their lands from large coal companies in Kentucky, Brazilian rubber tappers to.continue their sustainable cultivation of the Amazon, and Hopi Indians to keep Big Mountain from the steel jaws of the uranium mining companies are lights in the darkness. Support for these and other just systems of land tenure is support for a healthy environment.

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ECONOMICS of DESTRUCTION



In 1965 "Widow" Combs, a frail sixty one year old Knott County woman with a twenty acre farm, lay down in the front of a bulldozer to protect her mountain farm and was promptly carried off the hill by law officials to spend Thanksgiving in jail.

[1]"Property."*American Jurisprudence*. Second Edition, Volume 63A, 1984. Pg. 228 §1.

[2]*Forest Voice*. Volume 1, Number 1 1989, Eugene Oregon. Pg. 3.

[3]Dworkin, Andrea. *Our Blood: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics* New York: Harper and Row, 1976.

[4]Clark, Lorenne. *Rape: The Price of Coercive Sexuality* Toronto Canada: The Womens Press, 1977.

[5]Johnston, Philip. January 29, 1990 fundraising letter, CARE New York.

[6]Caufield, Catherine. *In the Rainforest*. Chicago. University of Chicago Press, 1984. Pg 39.

[7]Hecht, Susanna., and Alexander Cockburn. *The Fate of the Forest*. London: Verso, 1989. Pg. 232.

[8]Repetto, Robert. *The Forest for the Trees?* World Resources Institute, May 1988. Pg. 73.

[9]*Brazil: Authorized Violence in Rural Areas*. London: Amnesty International Publications 1988. Pg 5.

[10]Karliner, Joshua. *Political Ecology and U.S. Foreign Policy*. Printed in *Lessons of the Rainforest*, edited by Suzanne Head and Robert Heinzman. San Francisco. Sierra Club Books, 1990. Pg. 149.

[11]Ibid. Pg. 148.

[12]Ibid. Pg 153.

on the edge



We live in a house on the edge of all that is left that is wild. Through this valley once passed wolf, grizzly, cougar, ocelot, coyote. Now, only coyote remains. At night, sometimes i can hear her cry out, mourning, it seems, the passing of her wild cousins. There is no reply.

Today my dogs killed a rabbit...acting instinctively from some feral predatory chromosome. Perhaps the howl of the lone coyote stirred their collective wisdom to kill. At first i was angry at the slaying, a senseless, bloody killing, a mess to clean up, unnecessary suffering. But no <u>real</u> predators roam this valley now. Only a handful of wise and wary coyotes amidst far too many cows, dirt bikes, bulldozers, humans and pets. i am one of the new preeators of the american wilderness; member of the human clan greedy and intent on polluting, consuming, destroying the edge of all that is wild.

The coyotes are afraid of our machines and guns. They and the owls live furtively under the cover of night, though they still do their sacred dances. They know guns sleep at night. The television is on...i cannot hear them dancing. My headlights cast only a narrow beam; i cannot see them singing as i drive home. The moon is full...but...silly me, i'd be breaking the law if i shut off my halogen beams. It is enough just to know they are there. My heart dances with them.

Magazines display pretty pictures of The Great Outdoors. National Geographic television lets the wonders of nature unfold before our astonished eyes. Smokey the bear prevents forest fires, except in yellowstone. But where are the ancient forests and indiginous peoples? Where are the wolves? The grizzlies? Where is the ozone layer? Bears kill humans. We musn't let them roam in what is now <u>our</u> domain. Only cows and sheep <u>permitted</u> here. Maybe some mining, logging, jeeping, just to keep everybody happy. Barbed wire, guns, gates and roads are all acceptable substitutes for a land that was once wild and free. As long as Joe Texas gets his elk. We <u>need</u> hamburger. We <u>need</u> that image of the american west to glorify our lives, as the overgrazed ground we adore crumbles beneath the heavy hordes of hooves. Wonder if Ralph Lauren knows what a riparian zone used to be? God forbid that we should ever have to sacrifice cowboys or hamburgers. Indians and wolves, yes, but heavens, not the cows. How could we pay off our satellite dishes and second homes? What would the tourists have to look at?

A creek runs through the valley here at the edge of all that is left that is wild...it's a creek full of life, laden with native trout, though tainted invisibly with the excrement of upstream bovines. If i could, i would kneel and drink the laughing water as the deer and elk and all wild things do. I would splash it, cold and vital, on my body, reveling in its wholeness. There can be no life without water. But even the water here at the edge of all that's left that is wild is not safe for me to drink. I don't want to splash dilluted cowshit on my body. I feel sorry for my brothers and sisters in the wild, as i gaze up the creek. Looking down at my feet, i notice the heavy, cloddish prints of cows trampled into the mud, next to them, the delicate prints of cloven deer hooves. I compare the excrements of the two ungulates, wrinkling my nose in disgust at the relative reek and size of the big pie-splatters. The evening bellows of the idiot beasts drown out both bugle of bull elk and howl of coyote hunting...i strain my ears over the moans and moos...senseless atrocities... as i hope and long to hear just one elk, just one coyote, just anything wild. <u>Please</u>.

The house i live in is perched at the edge of a valley overlooking all that is left that is wild. I feel like i live on the edge. When friends come to visit, they ogle at the view. "How peaceful and beautiful it is here," they proclaim, "What a beautiful home." I, of course, agree. (I live here) On my big rock, peering over the edge, i hear the lifesize tonka toys levelling another piece of "real estate" for more "development"...across the valley, on the other side of all that is left that is wild. I survey my own surroundings. A house made of wood. A driveway cut through a stand of scrub-oaks. A new solar sunroom underway, piles of lumber awaiting hammer and nail. Too bad hindsight is 20/20...a few big nails might have saved their lives before. I look at the broad new sundeck constructed from redwood trees. I guess i write because i am the only inhabitant not yet absolved of this guilt. But, everyone explained, we <u>need</u> the deck. We <u>need</u> the new room. I agreed, since i live here. This house i live in really isn't so bad...solar heated, spring-fed, recycling, composting, no telephone, plenty of acoustic music...living simply, to a degree. Hardly the fat american mail-ordering, McDonalds guzzling, TV-glutted household that i so despise. No, not too bad at all, until i begin absorbing myself in each redwood plank, each cedar shake shingle, one by one, wondering what its former life form had sounded like as it toppled, chainsaw ripping, woodchips flying. Did a spotted owl lose her nest and babies? They're almost extinct now. How many trees did it take to make my beautiful wood house? Were they old growth trees? How many wild things sacrificed their homes so i could put my own home here at the edge of all that is left that is wild? When we build the guest house next, will we apologize to all the creatures who used the trees before us? Smooth is the wood underfoot. A pleasure to behold, its grain a rich red, planed and sanded to perfection. What became of the boughs and branches? What kinds of scars were left on the land to bring me this magnificent home of wood? The smell of redwood and cedar is fresh in my nostrils as my memory drifts back to the lumberyards, sawmills and stump fields of the Pacific Northwest. The agony of experiencing clearcut redwood forests... ancient families wiped off the face of the planet for eternity...stabs me in my soul as i look down again at my new sundeck. In one corner we've cut a hole for one scrubby oak to pop through. We didn't want to kill that living tree to build the sundeck. Maybe that one tree helps us to forget how we came by our house at the edge of all that is left that is wild.

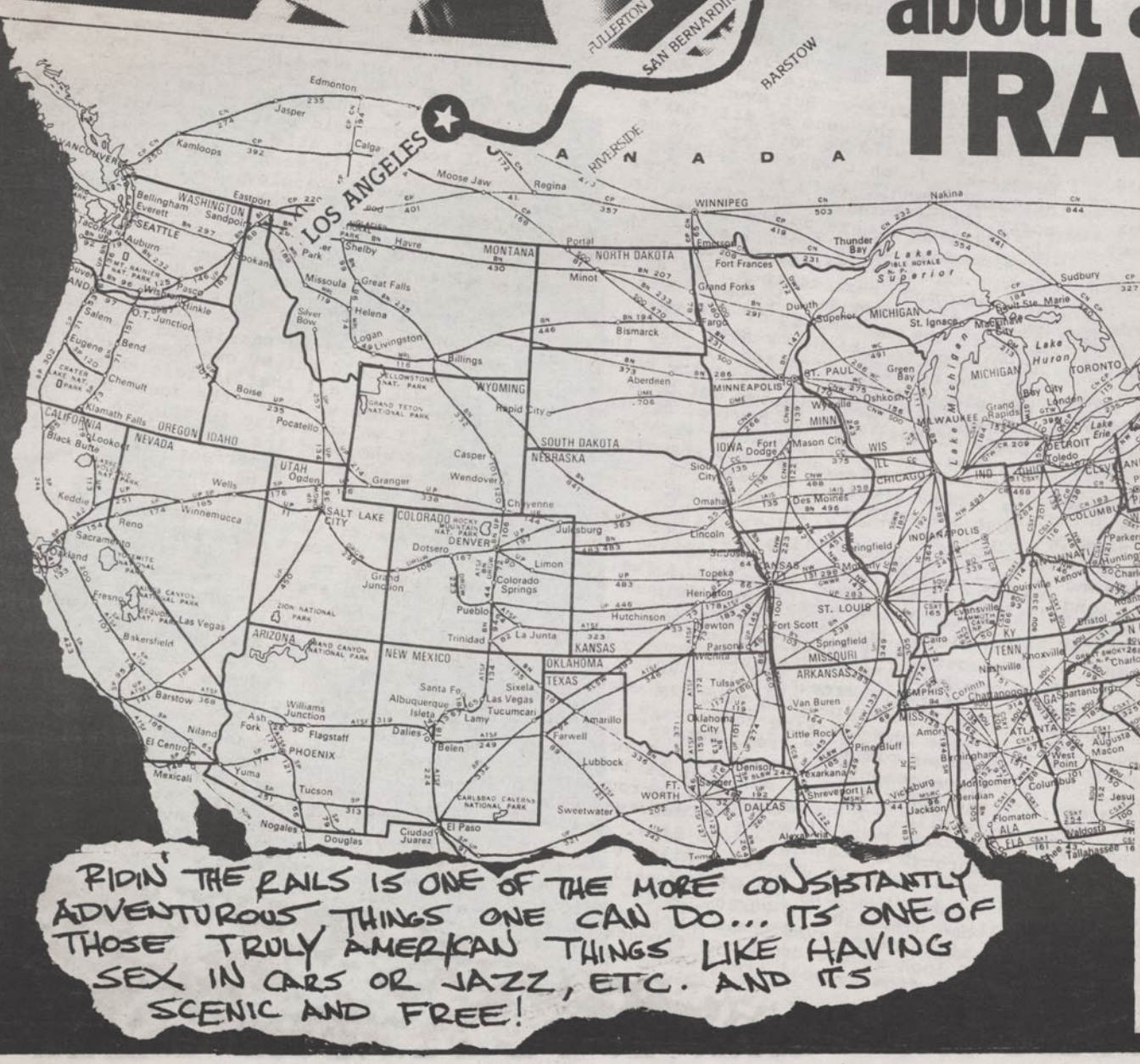
A "feeling" is the best way to describe it. Because when you travel by train there isn't just one thing that makes your trip unique, there's everything.

train surfers flirted with death



There's something about a TRAIN

Well the only thing that makes my life worth grain is a southbound whistle on a south-bound train every place I want to go I never can go because you know I got the freight train blues, Oh lordy, mama I got em in the bottom of my ramblin' shoes.



RIDIN' THE RAILS IS ONE OF THE MORE CONSISTANTLY ADVENTUROUS THINGS ONE CAN DO... ITS ONE OF THOSE TRULY AMERICAN THINGS LIKE HAVING SEX IN CARS OR JAZZ, ETC. AND ITS SCENIC AND FREE!

On a train you'll see sights you couldn't see from 33,000 feet up. You'll meet people you'd never get the chance to meet from behind the wheel of your car. You'll pass areas you could only get to with a backpack and a sturdy mule. And for a change, getting where you're going will be *part* of the fun and not just a way to get to the fun.

-ABOUT MAPS-

WELCOME TO THE RAILS... IT'S FUN ADVENTURE AND YOURE FREE, FREE, FREE! A BIT OF MAP INFO CAN HELP SPEED YOU ON YOUR WAY AND CAN MAKE FOR LESS ZIGS WHERE YOU SHOULD HAVE ZAGGED.

CITY MAPS: SOME (NOT ALL) CITY MAPS OF THE GAS STATION - AUTO CLUB VARIETY ARE VERY HELPFUL FOR LOCATING THE WHEREABOUTS OF FREIGHT YARDS AND WHICH DIRECTIONS THE FREIGHT LINES RUN.

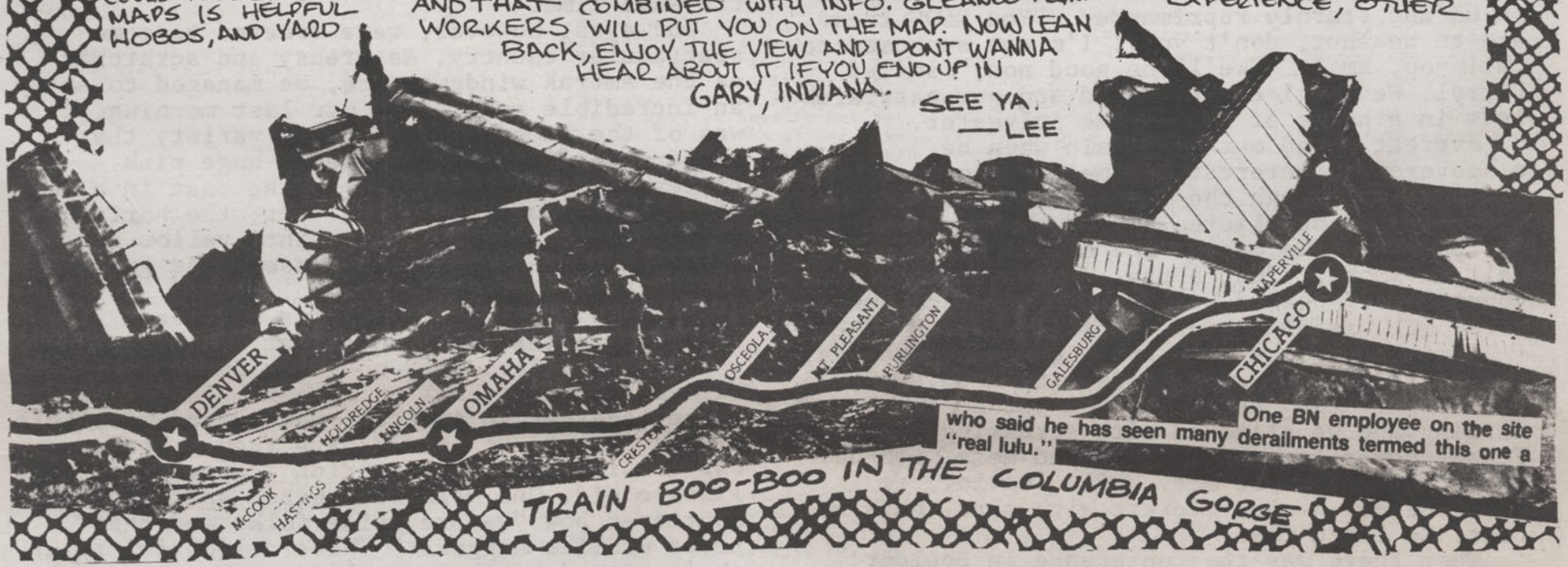
TOPO MAPS: TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS CAN BE ESPECIALLY USEFUL IN THAT THEY SHOW IN DETAIL THE LAYOUT OF RAIL YARDS, WHICH SPECIFICS ARE SAVVY FOR WHERE IN THEM BIG OL' YARDS TO "CATCH OUT". TOPOS CAN BE FOUND & XEROXED IN THE MAP ROOM SECTION OF MOST UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES. KEEP IN MIND THAT SOME TOPOS ARE OLD AND THE FREIGHT SITUATION MAY BE CHANGED SOMEWHAT.

ATLAS MAPS: THE U.S. FREIGHT MAP SHOWING THE "MAIN LINES" ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE IS FROM THE RAND-McNALLY "HANDY RAILROAD ATLAS". YOU CAN LOOK UP ALABAMA TO WYOMING ... A STATE BY STATE GUIDE AS IT WERE. INFORMATION AS TO WHAT COMPANIES (AS INDICATED BY THE INITIALS) SERVE WHAT ROUTES IS IMPORTANT. FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOU SHOULD FIND YOURSELF IN THE 10 MILE COMPLEXITY KNOWN AS THE L.A. FREIGHT YARDS AND YOU WANT TO GO TO THE BAY AREA — JUST BOP ON DOWN TO THE SANTA FE OR SOUTHERN PACIFIC YARD. LIKEWISE IF YOU WANNA GO STRAIGHT EAST VIA ARIZONA OR NEW MEX. ON THE OTHER HAND IF YOURE UTAH OR MONTANA BOUND CHECK OUT THE UNION PACIFIC YARD.

AMTRAK MAPS: THE L.A. TO SEATTLE, S.F. TO CHICAGO ROUTES DEPICTED IN THIS SPREAD ARE FROM THE "DESERT WIND"/"PIONEER" ROUTES AMTRAK BROCHURE. THESE ARE JUST TWO OF MANY AMTRAK ROUTES THAT ARE NEARLY IDENTICAL TO "MAIN LINE" FREIGHT ROUTES. MANY AMTRAK BOARDING STATIONS ARE ROUGHLY EQUIVALENT TO "CREW CHANGES", REFUELING STOPS AND MAJOR AND MINOR FREIGHT YARDS. VERY HELPFUL BUT SHOULD BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT AS THERE ARE SOME NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS OF DIFFERENCES BETWEEN AMTRAK ROUTES & STOPS AND WHAT YOU WANT.

CAUTION: BEAR IN MIND THAT ALL THESE MAP RESOURCES WERE HARDLY DESIGNED WITH HOBOING IN MIND & WHAT'S NOTABLE OR BIG FOR FREIGHT COMPANIES AND TOURISTS COULD JUST END YOU UP IN PODUNK, IN WHICH CASE YOU JUST BETTER BREAK OUT THE OLD THUMB AND DUST IT OFF. FOR INSTANCE NEITHER OF THE MAPS IN THIS SPREAD SHOW ROSEVILLE (JUST EAST OF SACRAMENTO) AND YET ROSEVILLE IS THE BIGGEST FREIGHT YARD IN THE WESTERN U.S. — A MAJOR CROSSROADS FOR HOBOS & ONE YOU COULD HARDLY IGNORE IF YOUR JORNEYS TAKE YOU TO OR THROUGH CALIFORNIA. COMBINING MAPS IS HELPFUL AND THAT COMBINED WITH INFO. GLEANED FROM EXPERIENCE, OTHER HOBOS, AND YARD WORKERS WILL PUT YOU ON THE MAP. NOW LEAN BACK, ENJOY THE VIEW AND I DONT WANNA HEAR ABOUT IT IF YOU END UP IN GARY, INDIANA.

SEE YA.
— LEE



TRAIN BOO-BOO IN THE COLUMBIA GORGE

ALL ABOARD AMERIKKKA! 卐
or
MY AMTRAK ADVENTURE to BOULDER by the Stayfree KAREBEAR

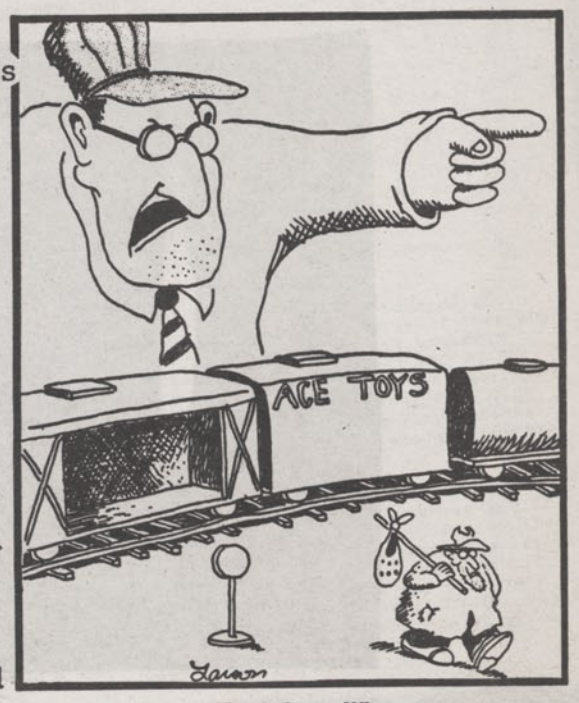
The Amtrak Station in Oakland, California is a small, dingy place. Peeling paint, the color of dirty pink vomit, coats the concrete building. Everything you touch leaves greasy grit on you. There are no plants. Shabby warehouses and empty lots surrounded by barbed wire with trash caught in it make up the neighborhood. People scurry furtively around the warehouses and when you call to make a reservation, the operator tells you not to come alone at night, especially if you are female.

It was 10:30 in the morning as I sat there, nervously waiting for Daniel to meet me with my ticket. Tourists and workers looked tired and glum. After about a half hour of this depression, I suddenly heard whoops and loud laughter. Hooray! My ticket had arrived and with it about 20 crazy Earth First!ers, laden with backpacks, a beer keg, musical instruments and infectious good humor. I could almost smell the forest . . .

In seconds, Darryl got his gitaur out and George his banjo, and a young mandolin player joined them. Train songs came rolling out and the hardhats smiled and tapped their feet. Elderly tourists took pictures. An old blind man in a brown suit, complete with vest and watch chain, cowboy boots and Stetson, kept time with his white cane. The crowd broke into applause. The station came alive!

Then the head conductor minced hurriedly up, a pinched look on his pale nervous face. "You can't take all these packs on board," he stammered. "But we called and you said we could," we chimed back. (We had all called individually). "And what is THIS?" he yelped, frowning. "It's a keg," explained Howler patiently. "Well, you can't take THAT on board," said the conductor. Since we weren't going to part with it and there wasn't time to stow baggage in the proper compartment, the conductor decided we could stash our gear and keg in an empty baggage car right below our car and we could have continual access to it. Great. We got another whole room to play in and we wouldn't bother anybody.

Once on board, we appropriated an entire car and set out the eats, smorgasborg style, on empty seats. There were jars of salsa wedged in between containers of tabouli. Bags of crackers, fruit and bread spilled over into sacks of M&M's. A layer of chips began to cover it all. Conductors passed by, their faces twisted in disbelief at such audacity. On Amtrak, your own food is to be eaten discreetly. Preferably you will buy food on the over priced restaurant car. Picnics rank high on the frown meter. Too messy and uncontrolled.



"And stay off."

CONTINUED

As the day wore on, someone said Amtrak top brass is mainly ex-military personnel and that they enjoy enforcing sadistic and meaningless rules. It proved to be true. Our car conductor, Everett, was our saving grace. He kept us from getting tossed off in the middle of the Utah desert.For some reason we really bothered those in charge.

Like on the first night. So as not to disturb the restless slumber of other passengers, most of the EF!ers went into the baggage car to make music, sing, and drink beer. This brought a whole crew of conductors storm-trooping down and one scary woman poured, with arm held high, someone's Jack Daniel's into the sink. By morning, we were known as "those dirty earth people." We overheard them: "They think the earth is their mother! They're crazy!" Everett tried explaining that we weren't hurting or bothering anyone and he was told to get in line because he was acting like a "militant." And that he could get fired. I think they thought we planned to hijack the train.

If I was going to hijack an Amtrak, the first thing I'd do would be to open the windows. Stale, recirculated air is all you get to breathe and it gives you nosebleeds. Opening the windows is strictly forbidden as someone might stick their arm or head out and get hurt. So we secretly opened windows downstairs. We were caught by a pink-faced, short-of-breath conductor, who strode in and slammed the window shut with a flourish of waving arms. He turned on us and sternly reprimanded, "You KNOW these are to be shut, don't you?! I'm not supposed to tell you, am I?" "We'll be good now," smiled Darryl. We giggled and nodded and our patriarch left in a heave of tight blue polyester.

Everett saved our day again when he discovered an interesting smelling smoke wafting up through the ventilation system. He traced it to our Ladies Lounge. He knocked and called to us. We opened the door with a water-fall of smoke. "Just spray, just spray! Enjoy yourselves!" beamed Everett, as he handed us a vile, but useful can of air freshener.

A raucous concert of train songs filled the last half hour of our two day train adventure. Folks from other cars came and joined in the singing and we climaxed with screaming Earth First! power songs. No one dared mess with us. We were also almost off. While leaving, we showered our hero Everett with tips, hugs and buds. He liked that.

Then there was the conference in Boulder.

When we got back on Amtrak they were prepared for us. We had already become Amtrak legend. Conductors whispered and pointed as we climbed aboard. The Captain read the rule, and its number, to KEEP THE WINDOWS CLOSED about six times. That didn't happen on the way out. We shocked them all by falling asleep almost immediatly and staying that way nearly all day.

Once again we were blessed with intelligent conductors on our car. Trotter and Applegate lived in Chicago and both were long-time conductors who loved trains. Trotter was a great talker. He informed us that women would no doubt save the world. "I'd just as soon slap a lion in the jungle as have another man for president," he told us. We white EF!ers and those two older black men from Chicago had a lot in common . . . we talked of getting back to the land, religion, Angela Davis, books, and books we'd like to write, and oppression of all kinds. They told us we were a breath of fresh air and we felt the same about them.

But the magic really bloomed when Daryl and George began to play the ol' train songs once again. Trotter and Applegate kept watch for the other conductors. Trotter stood right in front of Darryl and George, smiling, his hands folded comfortably across his substantial girth, nodding his head in time to the music. Applegate watched with half-closed eyes, a wide grin splitting his face. Other passengers drifted in and stayed, listening with sparks in their eyes.

Unfortunately our ears were frequently assaulted by other than pleasant train songs. A hired Amtrak train buffdominated the loud-speaker output. With the sound at scratchy top volume (which couldn't or wouldn't be turned down) we received continual Amtrak trivia monologues. The buff never knew when to quit. Even at night, when no one could see, he would come on: "Well, I don't know where we are but I'll tell you about the area anyways." This man adored the sound of his own voice. Each speech ended with his sauve intontation of "And that is what you see on the Callliforrrniahhh Zephhhyyrrrrr!!!" Sometimes another conductor would come on the system at the same time to announce a meal or something and the buff wouldn't get off so we would hear them both at the same time.

Our eyes, however, were treated to some spectacular country. As greasy and scratched as the Amtrak windows were, we managed to enjoy an incredible sunrise on our last morning. It was of the immense and flaming variety that happen over the Nevada desert: huge pink tatters of clouds floated in the east in a sky of electric purple. To the west, the horizon was day-glo orange smearing into yellow and white and blue clouds. The desert was golden with alkali splotches.

Besides trying to sleep (on the seats or the floor), the most difficult part of the journey was the last leg. In Reno about 20 people climbed on to go back to Oakland. They wanted to be together in one car, which was impossible at that point. So Amtrak gave them a baggage car to sit in. Only they didn't appreciate it like we did. One mean old geezer spit and sputtered how "we are white folks and they treat us like niggers." These delightful folks chain-smoked menthols, called each other names, cussed, and drank non-stop. The women were harsh and lined with bitterness and theri make-up was mean and creased into their hating faces. The men tried to get attention and they'd patronize and complain. And whine. These people fit with the toxic squalor of the back lots and grimey oil refineries of Martinez, Richmond, and finally, gritty Oakland.

We rolled slowly in, metal on metal grinding to a halt. I saw my dog and sweetie brightening up the puke-colored station. Amtrak may be quicker and better than Greyhound, but next time I think I'll hop a freight.



HOLY FERAL NUNS on DRUGS!

There were these wild and zany nuns who lived in Europe somewhere and they had had enough of their male higher ups, who hogged all the money. So the Sisters took matters into their own hands and absconded with the dough and bought themselves a castle, race horses and fast cars. As far I know, they are still at it. This true story inspired those of us at the Spring '90 wild wimmin warriors rendezvous so much that we decided to call ourselves The Feral Nuns On Drugs. We like to sing wild and meaningful songs which inspire worshipful attitudes. We are known as "The Sisters with the Bad Habits."

These are some of our songs and we like sing-a-longs so you better learn them or we may come by and grind our rosary beads in your ear.



Nine Mile Pecker Head

Here come little Fifi
walkin' down the street.
Looks like big ole Wolfie
gonna get a treat

chorus (to be sung in rounds)
5 years or
50,000 thousand dollars ; Not in my backyard ; I'd shoot it ; I'd shoot it ; Poor animal husbandry

Mamas, sistahs, daughters
put a leash on that child.
'Cause you know big ole Wolfie
gonna gnaw on his hide.

chorus

But here come big ole Daddy
No need to worry now.
He wanna be a rancher
brain size of a cow!

chorus

That's Right, uh huh
got me a big ole gun.
There's wolves in Alaska
So step aside son.

chorus

Mr. Rancher Mz Wife
doncha see doncha get it --
The wild needs wolves
and all we got is SHIT!



COW RAP

Drivin in the comet (bleah!)
all across Nevada
I look at my friends
they say whatsa matta?

These cows are everywhere
I don't understand
they chewin up the hillside
they fuckin up the land!

(moomoomoo moomoomoo moomoomoo

Then I see a sign
it say open range
either I be crazy
or dis place is de range!

I put my finger on the nozzle
and then I start to spray
then signs are full o shit
and I got lots to say!

(moomoomoo moomoomoo " moomoomoo)

I put a big ol X
across the cow's face
we startin with the cattle
and then the human race!

We'll start with problem ranchers
can't have them around
we gonna relocate them
SIX FEET UNDERGROUND!

(moomoomoo moomoomoo moomoomoo

Bring back the bison
the wolf and the bear
we don't want no cattle
they don't belong there

Domesticated people
domesticated cow
make us wanna barf
we want it wild now!!
(owowooooooooooo)

So if you're drivin out west
and ya wanna do some good
shoot yourself a rancher
and strap em on the hood!
grrrrrrrrrr.....

BAD ASS BOVINE BLUES

Woke up this morning (moo moo moo moo)
Cow done flopped on my head (moo moo moo moo
Gotta find me a shotgun (moo moo moo moo)
Shoot this cow dead
(chorus)
I got them bovine blues, oh lordy got them
mean ol nasty low down funky bad ass bovine
blues!

Then a voice inside me (moo moo moo moo)
Said it's mot the cow's fault (moo moo moo
moo)
Gotta find me a rancher (moo moo moo moo)
Take my frustrations out
(chorus)

I was walkin' in the wilderness (moo moo moo
moo)
lookin' up at that big sky (" " " ")
Oh I was singin' a happy tune (" " " ")
Then I stepped in a steamin' cow pie
(chorus)

Had a sinkin' squishy kinda feeling (" " " ")
Right down to the depths of my soul (" " " ")
And ya know what I was thinkin? (" " " ")
This shit's gettin' old!
(chorus)

Stepped outa that shit (" " " ")
Got all snarled and tangled in fence(" " " ")
and these ranchers wonder (" " " ")
Why I'm getting so tense! (" " " ")
(chorus)

I'm normally non-violent (" " " ")
Until I hear them makin' moos (" " " ")
I can no longer be silent (" " " ")
But oh god I don't know what to do!
(chorus)

From my hat to my boots (" " " ")
I'm filled with disgust (" " " ")
Only one thing for sure (" " " ")
This cow town's gotta bust!

Bullshit

Worst-Case Scenario:

DEAD HEADS FOR BUSH

Kenny Be



"RAPPIN' WITH STARMONKEY"



by WAYNE SHELLABARGER

YOU SEE, I HEARD BIRKENSTOCKS ARE MADE FROM SCRAP LEATHER THAT IS USUALLY USED TO MANU-FACTURE ATTACHÉ CASES FOR FASCIST CORPORATE-DEATH GREEDMONGERS.



SO I FIGURE, THAT IF THERE ARE LESS ATTACHÉ CASES TO CARRY AROUND PLANS TO CLEAR-CUT RAINFORESTS (THE **LUNGS** OF THE EARTH, MAN!), THE PLANS'LL GET LOST AND THE CLEAR-CUTTING'LL STOP! SAME DEAL WITH WORLD HUNGER AND TOXIC WASTE DUMPING! SO WEAR THOSE BIRKIES AND BE POLITICALLY CORRECT EVERY STEP OF THE WAY BY HELPING TO STOP THE FASCIST CORPORATE DEATH MACHINE. UH... YOU GOT A LIGHT? THE MARLBORO I BOUGHT AT 7-ELEVEN JUST WENT OUT.



© 1990 VERMEN GRAFIX

ECO WARRIOR COMIX

WE FIND OUR DEMI-GOD HEROES IN THE MIDST OF THE DEFENSE OF PUBLAK LANZE; NEVER COMPROMISING, ALWAYS RELENTLESS. A HIGH LEVEL TRIBAL CHIEFTAN MEETING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN—LET'S WATCH! SEE:







IF YOU DON'T HAVE HAPPINESS, ORDER IT FROM US...

NEW WORLD ORDER FORM:

- CHECK ONE -

snip snip

- ☐ GOVERNMENT RUNS BUSINESS
- ☐ BUSINESS RUNS GOVERNMENT
- ☐ NONE OF THE ABOVE

① MAKE YOUR CHOICE
② CLIP & SEND TO:
LIVE WILD OR DIE!

SELF-ESTEEM

Today we're going to talk about self-esteem. Does anybody know what that means?

Yeah but I'm in silent protest of the educational infrastructure.

It means when you like yourself.

Duh.

Good. That's a fine definition to begin with.

That's what my therapist said...

But let's make it a bit more complicated. Here — I'll read you what the special government task force has to say after spending $735,000 to study self-esteem for 3 years.

sounds like my mom's therapy.

oh brother, smash bureaucracy.

self-esteem is defined as "appreciating my own worth and importance and having the character to be accountable for myself and to act responsibly toward others."

Dish some of that up in the White House...

The task force discovered that lack of self-esteem is the root cause of our social problems, like crime, violence, drugs, pregnant teenagers and chronic welfare dependancy.

what about chronic stupidity?

If everybody could develop a sufficient level of self-esteem, these problems could be ironed out of the... uh... crease in the fabric of our society.

"Fabric?"

"Ironed out" for less-than-subsistance wages in some back-alley sweatshop by society's underclass

no doubt...

Of course, there are probably a couple of other reasons for all of society's social problems...

Like maybe destructive, meaningless life-styles and social and political alienation which cause people low self-esteem in the first place?

Naw...

But perhaps we had better await the next government task-force report to find out what these might be.

Are we gonna have a test on this?

Perhaps we had better not hold our breath...

THE SHADOWY, NOTORIOUS ANIMAL DELIBERATION FRONT IN ACTION!

GETTING IN IS EASY ENOUGH — THE LAB DOOR IS LEFT OPEN ALL NIGHT.

THE UNIVERSITY COPS WON'T NOTICE?

NAH.... BUT WHAT TO DO WITH A BUNCH OF DYING DOMESTIC ANIMALS AFTER — WORDS? ITS EITHER EUTHANASIA OR LIFE IN A BOX IN SOMEONE'S YARD....

YEAH... I HAVEN'T REALLY DECIDED ABOUT THIS WHOLE ANIMAL RIGHTS THING ANYWAY. ITS NOT LIKE CATS AND RABBITS ARE ENDANGERED OR NOTHIN'... AND THERE ARE BENEFITS TO MEDICINE.

YEAH — I DON'T KNOW IF A BUNCH OF LAB ANIMALS REALLY MATTER ENOUGH. CONSIDERING THE RISK.

MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT A WHILE AND THINK ABOUT IT SOME MORE.....

EARTH FIRST?

I wonder if any of these Kids are paying any attention to this... that Kid in the back seems light years away.

I wonder, is this third period or fourth?

In the final analysis, I'd say this self-esteem task-force is but yet another manifestation of a society which refuses to examine it's fundamental sociopolitical foundations, denying that it is engulfed in a complete spiritual VOID, about to do in the planet as a viable biosphere.

Are there any questions?

What's the homework?

If only there were...

WAY BACK

CHECK!!!

TIME HELMET

I WENT BACK IN THE TIME MACHINE. WAY BACK. BACK TO THE CAVE DAYS. WHEN PEOPLE LIVED IN BLISS.

A GIFT.

I TAUGHT THEM TO SHAVE THIER HEADS AND SWEAR.

— A LOT OF GOOD THAT DID.

SUCK MY FUX.

I WAS GOING TO SHOW THEM ABOUT BODY PIERCING, BUT DIONT THINK THEY WERE READY FOR THAT RESPONSIBLITY.

BUT I WAS ABLE TO SHOW THEM ABOUT AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND SMALL ARMS FIRE.

SMASH!

Teams around the world have already been training for this dramatic event! It's not too late for your team to enter. Entries are being solicited for these events:

MOLOTOV TOSSING- Judging based on distance, accuracy, and explosives (volume and appropriateness to target).
COP-CAR TIPPING AND BURNING- Judging based on vehicle position and choice, speed of immolation, and degree of destruction.
50 & 100 METER BRICK TOSS AND DASH- Accuracy, distance, and quantity.
TRIATHLON- Includes three events: all night affinity group consenses making, an action romance, and jail solidarity.
STOLEN COP BATON RELAY- Judged on creative distractions, passing techniques, and most daring action souvenir (must be stolen from the state).
EPITHET HURLING- Categories include: alliterations, iambic pentameter, and the cheap-shot put.
ENDURANCE CHANT-OFFS- Endurance, creativity, and ability to connect as many issues as possible in one slogan.
TIMED STREET SCUFFLING STRATEGY HEATS- Catagories: mob psychology, assessing testosterone levels, unarresting. resisting arrest, and non-cooperation.
PROPAGANDA DISTRIBUTION- Speed graffitiing, billboard allteration, and forced flyering (RCP will be the team to beat in this event).



ANARCHIST OLYMPICS!



A robot target was used by this American team in training for the co-ed endurance chanting event. Points were deducted for orderly conduct as this team displayed a lack of creative style by staying behind police barricades.



This contestant in the going limp division of the street-scuffling event has chosen the dramatic pointed-toe inverted crucifix posture for the arrest dismount move... "5.9"s all around.





Speed is an essential element in the "brick toss and dash" event. This Phillipine relay team came in last in recent heats...

Look for this up and coming Japanese athlete; he promises to be a gold-medal winner in the epithet hurling competition. A personal flair for style was exhibited in his facial grimaces and finger pointing, which won him high marks with the judges.



From the South Korean friendship games...here the state police team has been training rigorously for the synchronized student stomping event. Definitely a team to watch out for...



Dear Miss Guided

• • •

Dear Miss Guided,

Recently at a demo I began to chant "Give Peace a Chance" while being arrested (I was cooperating, of course). In response to this the cop drew his baton and beat me about the head and shoulders. Having plenty of time to ponder, here in my hospital room, I can't help but wonder "am I responsible for this?"

Politely,
Bruised and Confused

Dear Bruised and Confused,

For shame! Had you been more attentive at your non-violence prep you would have recalled guideline# 34-J-B9a which clearly outlines your responsibility not to provoke violence. Now I'm sure the peace officer in question was a responsible individual and if you would have stopped singing he would have stopped clubbing. Give peace officers a chance, too.

Dear Miss Guided,

As a major demo organizer I was appalled at my most recent demo when some ill-behaved, immature, so-called "anarchists" broke windows at a local bank and fast food chain. This was totally inappropriate as both these establishments give not only to several humanistic causes but also donated generously to Earth Day . Their behavior accomplished absolutely nothing positive and may well have seriously jepordized my organization's funding base. How would you suggest I distance myself from them and regain control of the situation?

In Peace,
Disgusted

Dear Disgusted,

Oh my this is indeed serious. It seems these people have made it quite obvious with their behavior that they want chaos, and not a fully functioning non-violent society. It is up to you to start creating that society now, complete with a firm and thourough self-regulating mechanism. Let them know how committed you are to a world without violence by documenting their violence with photographs, pointing them out to the police, and agreeing to testify against them in court. Remember: being a court witness against violence makes you a true witness for peace.

Dear Miss Guided,

FUCK SHIT PISS.ACK...Auurgh...Bombs! Bombs!...Smash the state Torch it all....Aaaagggg...Ha ha ha..ka-BOOM..Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

P.S. I know where you live.

Sincerely,
an anarchist

Dear Anarchist,

The authorities are dusting your letter for prints.

In fact, why I don't vote at all. This is addressed primarily to my comrades who are working for revolution (i.e. sweeping, lasting change) yet still feel compelled, whether out of liberal guilt or peer pressure or drug-induced delusions, to vote in the next election. A number of people active in what they euphemistically call "The Movement" (which would more realistically be called "The Stagnation") see the ballot as a tool for change and envision "The Movement" voting itself into power. If we are serious about revolution, we need to drop our dependence on channels which the govt. and the power structure have approved, sanctioned and sanitized for our use. Each and every time we vote we are legitimizing the government and its functions. Try not to think of voting as a chance for reform (it isn't), but as a validation of the power structure, regardless of how 'politically correct' the candidate or initiative you vote for is. Elections are a litmus test for governments, in the same way that the census is. They don't care (by they I mean the power structure) if you are in opposition to them, as long as you are loyal opposition. When you vote, you are legitimizing their process, you are accepting the game by their rules. When we vote for a politician to 'represent' us, we are in effect handing over our power to that person. To me, revolution is all about the dismantling of power which people and institutions use to dominate and control. When we vote for a referendum or initiative, we are asking the govt. and its institutions to implement and enforce a certain policy.

Why I'm not voting for "FORESTS FOREVER"

We are again appealing to and bolstering the system's power. Take a look at the hundreds of environmental regulations which are law today and which are ignored or subverted by the corporations in cooperation with the govt., and ask yourself if this appeal is worth it. Take a look also at 'good' laws such as the nuclear free zone initiatives which have been overruled by state and federal govts. What we need is not better laws but better control of our lives. We need to take direct action and build our own revolutionary structures. "But this is different" people say to me. "This election is really important. We have a chance to change forestry practices in California." Let me ask you- is the possibility of incremental change in unenforceable policy worth the damage that voting does? Damage? Yes- each election we vote, convinced that this is the most important election of our lives, hoping that it will make a difference. We are like junkies. We keep putting off revolutionary activity in the hope that things can be changed. I think this is because we don't want to make that break- to admit that we are on our own. Well wake the fuck up. Planetary destruction is well on its way. The forces of fascism are firmly entrenched. The number of people who have direct control over their lives is frighteningly few and even fewer are those willing to take collective action. And our response- to make a mark on a piece of paper? To beg for scraps? To play the game by rigged rules? Dick Gregory once said "For the last 200 years we have gone to the polls and each time we voted we voted for the lesser of two evils. You try doing that for 200 years, voting for the lesser of two evils and one day you find out that's all you have left- is the evil of evils." Thankfully, fewer and fewer people are jumping through the hoops that the power structure holds out. In the last presidential election, less than half of the eligible voters voted, the lowest percentage of any country calling itself a democracy. Actually, the main reason I don't vote is that I don't ever see my choices on the ballot. I can't vote for insurrection or class war or abolition of the wage system. even so, you'll find me at the polling booth this fall. I'll be stealing the little flags they put out and torching them.

The Santa Cruz Gazette

Planning on going to a demonstration soon?

Please consider attending our
free
ULTRA-VIOLENCE TRAINING SEMINAR



Learn about:
--the theory and practice of active resistance;
--Creative property destruction;
--How to survive a police riot;
--and more.

*sponsored by the Resource Center for Ultra-Violence

MARCH AGAINST ANYTHING

a message from your organisers



WE WELCOME EVERYONE TO TODAY'S DEMONSTRATION. We expect it to be one of the largest this country has ever seen. Let us march as one to show our governments how upset we are about the state of the world.

But for this demonstration to be effective we must march with dignity and unity. Comrades, a DISCIPLINED march is essential if we are to avoid losing the support of the media, the international press and the police. So please remember to follow the rules of the demonstration (see overleaf). And please OBEY all commands given by the monitors and the police, who will be working together throughout the demonstration to ensure peace and order.

At the end of the march there will be a long rally, with speeches by several very important people. After the rally, please disperse as quickly as possible and make your way home peacefully. Unfortunately there will be certain individuals attempting to instigate mass looting and rioting. IGNORE THEM. Remember, discipline is of the utmost importance. Without it, everything will collapse.

WITH YOUR CO-OPERATION, WE CAN MAKE TODAY A MASSIVE SUCCESS, AND START BUILDING FOR A REPEAT PERFORMANCE NEXT YEAR.

Rules & Regulations

During the course of the demonstration, some of you may feel frustrated and powerless. In order to help you channel that anger in a constructive way, the organizing sub-committee has suggested the following slogans which you may like to chant:

JOBS, JOBS, JOBS NOT BOMBS!
BUSH AND QUAYLE! - OUT, OUT, OUT!
SANCTIONS NOW!
THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!

NOTE: The following chants are NOT acceptable: 'Bombs, bombs, bombs not jobs!' 'Burn it down, burn it down, burn that fucker to the ground!', 'Agnos, Hancock they're no good, hit 'em in the head with a piece of wood'.

In order to prevent any possible disorder, we ask all marchers to keep a reasonable distance between themselves and other marchers. This is the only way to prevent groups of people from becoming aware of their collective strength. The march will be flanked on both sides by uniformed monitors. Please do not break the formation, and do NOT, on any account, attempt to communicate with passers-by, without prior authorization from the publicity sub-committee.

It is vital that we walk slowly and with dignity, in order to preserve our passivity. RUNNING IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

Unfortunately there will be people here bent on discrediting today's demonstration. They will encourage you to express your anger directly, rather than through the proper democratic channels. They may try to destroy property (embassies, government buildings, police stations, large shops, etc.). They may launch unprovoked attacks on the police, on bank windows or on passing businessmen. They may even suggest that you join them in burning down City Hall. COMRADES, WHATEVER THEY SAY, IGNORE THEM! If you spot any extremists, do not approach them, but inform the monitors or the police, who are authorized to take appropriate action.

Today's events are the culmination of months of planning aimed at achieving maximum boredom, as a gesture of solidarity with the people on whose behalf we are marching. Beware of people who are out to sabotage that planning. You may hear talk about 'enjoyment' and 'everyday life' as if these things are as important as today's protest. You may see people running, singing, shouting, and refusing to behave in a peaceful and passive manner. You may even want to do these things yourself. RESIST THE TEMPTATION. Comrades, it is ORDER, DISCIPLINE and RESTRAINT which will bring victory, not the free expression of our desires.

an open letter to our lovers: a duet

Two bold adventurers voyage into the depths of the oft-explored but rarely documented universe of non-monogamy. Their exploits are made public here for the first time in this LWOD exclusive...
- by tracy & rufus

There were parts of this article which were emotionally difficult to write. The whole thing feels very exposing. We're aware of our own and others' sincerity and uncertainty about non-monogamy and wanted to "deprivatize" the process some. We hope this will trigger discussion and articles so that we can tap into the collective wisdom that we have as a community; it is too much to take on alone. The intention of this article is to toss our recent experience into the group pot for whatever help it might be to anyone who is either undecided or actively engaged in non-monogamy (or for anyone who feels monogamy is their nature but wants to be supportive of non-monogamous friends.)

First of all I should say this whole endeavor scares me. I've known you for years and we've been in love for months and had this been any other time in my life, with anybody else, it would have been as simple as that -- you & I in love, you & I sleeping together, you & I living together.... You & I. Period.

But there are all these other *people*, other lovers, not just past lovers but present lovers as well. First there were your other lovers and now I've got "others" too. They are almost all people we both know and love. It is getting complicated, delicate, scary. Not scary like a roller coaster or a demon but scary like a winter storm or a rock face -- something negotiable, something within our grasp....but still scary. I've seen people be hurt and hurt others when there is only one "other". With many "others" isn't the potential for pain even greater? Does non-monogamy mean the watering down of interpersonal experience in order to avoid thresholds of pain?

My mind is enamored with the idea of non-mongamy, but my heart is skeptical. I have been emotionally and dogmatically monogamous for my entire sexual life. But my life has been changing. As I've grown to love more and more friends and grown more and more outraged at our mainstream culture, monogamy has whithered under scrutiny. I want to love freely, without bounds, and without shortchanging myself or my community of friends. But my insecure heart is flashing "danger," and I don't know whether to heed the warning or to just tell my heart to grow up.

This week for the first time we are spending time with friends who are or have been one another's "others" I am scrutinizing our non-monogamy with a critical but open mind and with a scared heart. I am trying to find out if this all just a sexual extension of anarchist politics, or if it is a place for the heart as well.

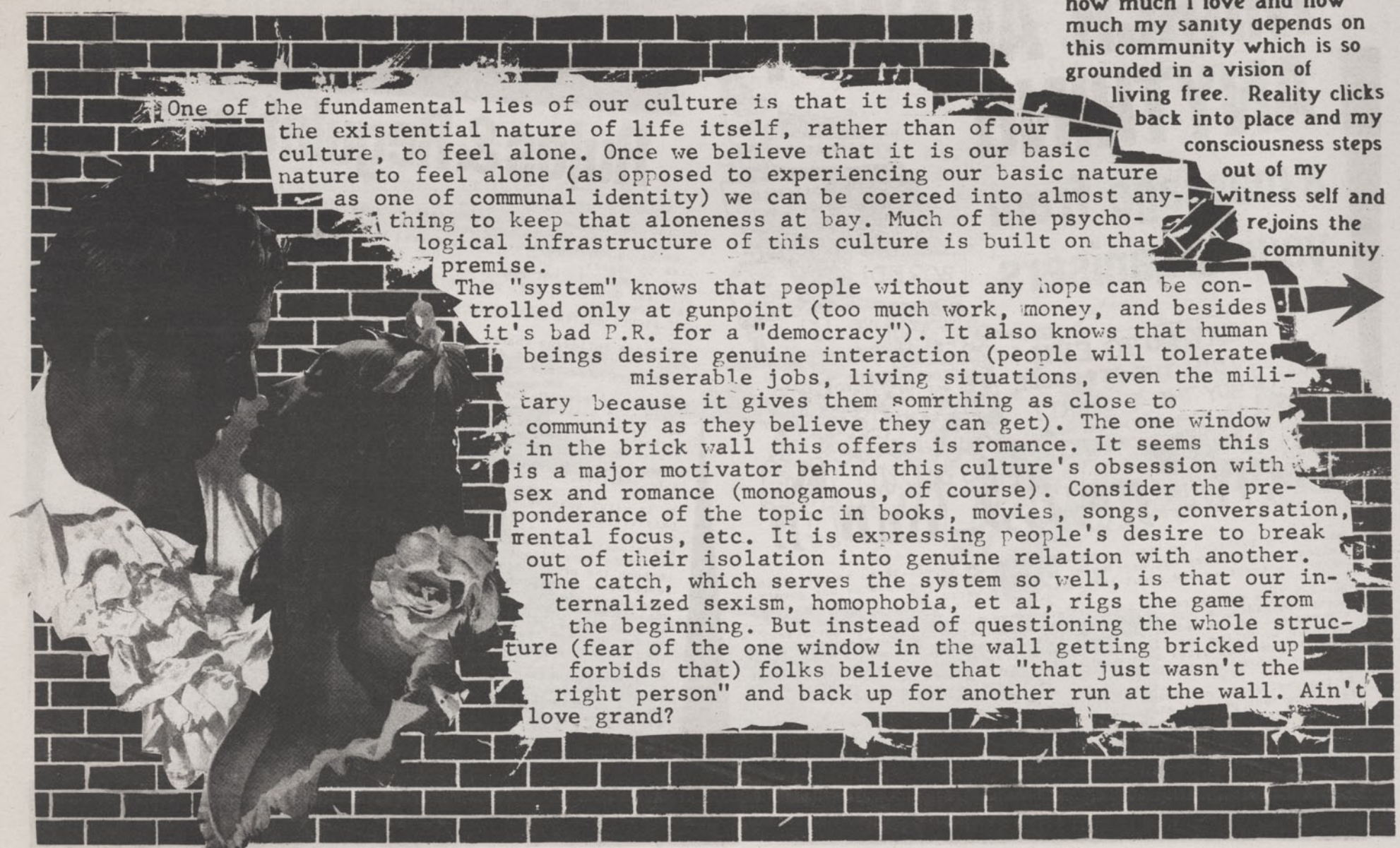
.....

I keep thinking I should be "over" these emotions, even though I know it doesn't work that way. I don't share the particulars of my experience and speak only in abstract concepts about insecurity, because I'm embarrassed by them. I mean I'm all grown up and have been at this non-monogamy gig for years and still have emotions which feel like high-school flashbacks.

We are all having dinner, friends from a community we both love dearly. There is a long-standing lover/friend of mine there and a new lover/friend of yours. I am aware of a new distance between this new lover of yours & I. She and I have been developing a friendship as of late and I don't want to lose that. How do she & I integrate this new dynamic without it becoming a focal point?

I hear her say something hilarious and see you laugh in response. I feel a stab of jealousy. The extent of the alienation created in a split second is staggering. Suddenly my point of perception leaves me and tries to enter you, separating me from myself and so from any possibility of connection with you. I also feel alienated from her and feel the grinding of the gears between head and heart. I can identify it: I am feeling competive in order to be "special" to you. It feels like shit. I notice that I did not even enjoy her joke, I was so busy with my own internal distractions. I am sad to feel separate from a source of joy.

So I stop and take a deep breath. I want to allow myself to feel but not allow emotions, particulary those systematically mutilated by this culture, to run over what I know to be true. So I spend a little time with myself retrieving my point of reference and reaquainting with how much I usually enjoy being me. Then I shift my focus to you and call forth the awareness that you love me and how close we are growing. Then I bring my attention to her and take time to appreciate and re-experience all the things that make me want a friendship with her. Then the focus broadens to take in everyone. I am moved by how much I love and how much my sanity depends on this community which is so grounded in a vision of living free. Reality clicks back into place and my consciousness steps out of my witness self and rejoins the community.



We are driving through the west, back from some action, you and I are in the back of the truck watching the sunset landscape go by. Our bodies are crammed together under piles of sleeping bags and backpacks. Our conversation wanders from environmentalism and action to sex and art. We reflect on the joy of not having monogamous constraints on our interactions with one another, on how nice its been spending time working together...

Romantic interlude? Prelude to wild sex? Not quite. You see, we're both guys, and us guys don't seem to do that stuff with each other. We're friends, not lovers, I have to remind myself. And boy, it irks me. I hate closed options when I don't understand why they're closed. It's not that I'm desperate for wild gay sex - it's just that there are men whom I've loved beyond "just friends", and I've never known where to go with those feelings. I resolve it now by being happy just having love for you, and by vowing to talk to you about it later. Always "later".

It's something I've always wondered about while watching my free-love friends (myself included) going about their business...we're all into exploring new relationships, men with women, women with men. As well as enjoying the healthy plentiful sex, we claim to believe in non-monogamy as a political statement: We should be free to love one another in any and every way; the boundary between "friend" and "lover" is artificial and all that...

But what does it all mean when we close the door on people because of their genitalia (is it sexism?)? Are we really creating something new or are we perpetuating the norm? The faeries, queers, dikes, fags, bisexuals, transexuals, transvestites, androginists,etc. have shown effectively that there are so many "genders" in humanity so as to make the word meaningless. Isn't "sexual preference" a cop-out in this world-without-gender? Should non-monogamy as a belief system necessarily include homo/bisexuality? I'd love to hear some resonses.



That whole scene was 5-10 minutes out of an enjoyable evening. I'm both proud and embarassed. Part of my embarassment comes from internalizing exactly what this culture wants me to internalize: that it's my problem -- an intrinsic flaw -- a personal shortcoming revealed -- that makes me feel insecure. (Pay no attention that behind the curtain lies a cultural Medusa which is designed to render our psyche a flinching labrador in the face of perceived rejection.) On the other hand I am proud that I peeked behind the curtain to see it for what it is and am moving through ways to cope.

* * * * * * * * * *

In preparation for this evening we set up a pact, a plan, whereby a simple gesture of reassurance might prevent one or the other of us from clamming up with insecurity while around one another's lovers. We decide that a firm hand squeeze will suffice to remind us of our commitment to one another, without making a scene.

I thought initially that this tactic was for my sake, as it is only my first attempt at moving beyond exclusiveness in relationships. But it turns out that you, even with your experience, are just as interested in reassurance which brings home to me that non-monogamy is not an achieved state of existence but rather a process through which we must continually strive for freedom.

On one front, for me, reassurance comes on its own. Due either to chance or to the shared ideas and beliefs of our community, I truly enjoy your longstanding lover/friend. Despite some initial awkwardness, the depth of your friendship together is more soothing than threatening to me. But on another front I feel trouble brewing: the way I'm handling having two lovers here at the same time is disturbing me. So, (of course) instead of feeling joy about being around so many who I love, I feel crummy and withdrawn.

Maybe this interaction shouldn't have happened in the first place - maybe I should have told my other lover that I wasn't yet comfortable having multiple partners around at the same time; maybe I could have not invited her tonight. But, eventually I want to feel comfortable in these situations, so I did. Another case of my mind racing past my heart, perhaps.

When she first walked in the door I immediately felt self-conscious about how affectionate I wanted to be, and her feeling the same way has left us both floating and disconnected. We all share jokes. We all have a good time. But there is a growing, underlying sense of strain. I know these are less than ideal circumstances. I had decided previously to spend these days primarily with you, and though she realizes this, there is additional awkwardness due to the newness of my friendship with her. I know that she and I can deal with processing this stuff later in a more simple environment. What I find disturbing though, is that she and I are dealing with our mutual discomfort now by withdrawing from one another instead of connecting. And I notice that it is rubbing off on you. Her and my uncertainty leading to a triangle of uncertainty. It starts to affect more than just we two.

There is uncertainty about what to do with the affinity she and I feel toward one another. It is obvious that some distance is needed in this situation. But it needs to be a distance achieved by mutual consent, not by a cold shoulder. I like to think that I would give that space to someone if they openly asked for it, and it is a grand fuck-up that I didn't ask for it myself. Old habits have kicked in, and we avoid bringing it up.

Part of my reason for engaging in non-monogamy in the first place was to remove limitations from how I feel about people I love. But in this situation I've limited my feelings by not communicating. Non-communication led to awkwardness, awkwardness led to distance, and distance hurts when you're not ready for it. I guess that there is a price to pay for the honoring of desires and the "free" expression of love. You have to be painstakingly deliberate about logistics and communication, and you have to work hard at knowing your own intentions and feelings. Maybe then these sticky, potentially painful situations can be avoided.

This work and commitment to those I love is my non-monogamy. It is not simply multiple partners, not flings, not casual sex; though in the future I might enjoy these as well. For me, non-monogamy is expanding

ves by sharing with each other. Sun Ad Box #98.

IS LOVE JUST ANOTHER SURVIVAL strategy, the moon a vacuous planetoid, and we mere automatons programmed to reproduce, bicker and die? If you think so too, then I'm your guy! Sun Ad Box #92.

CONSCIOUS MALE Modern musician/artist seeks creative, vegetarian female 18-26. We are stable, happy,

boundaries of love and passion, not so they are watered down, but so they are enlarged and deepened. Some of it is shitwork. Shitwork that is necessary in this society to create true freedom for ourselves.

* * * * * * * * * *

So..... our first round at dinner went okay but then when we were all together for an extended time we learned and relearned some things the hard way. Though most of the dynamics were between you and your other lover I was both under and over involved, in different arenas. I was not involved enough in re-opening the question of how time was to be divided. Since we had planned to spend this time together and she arrived spontaneously, I didn't push reassessing the arrangement to factor for everyone's needs. This was motivated by pure selfishness; I had what I wanted. (My being unconscious of my selfish motivation did not in any way reduce the impact on others. I must look at

consequence and not just intention, i.e. " I didn't mean to... " doesn't cut it. I'm responsible for paying attention to others and not just myself.) I hate being in the role she was stuck playing. So, I felt particularly bad about being a party to something that put her in that role.

On the other hand, I was overinvolved in the untangling of that situation. I felt like I was mediating a relationship between the two of you, who should have done it for yourselves. We're all new at this particular gig and so some involvement was appropriate. I have a lot to learn about each of us individually and how we are to be in relation to each other.

But later, when I was away from the situation, I had retroactive feeling of anger: ("Hey wait a minute - that's not my job!"). I am afraid of getting relegated to (and my own emotional withdrawl into) the "pal" role for being the one who is " so easy to talk to" about these things. It has happened to me before. Its occurrence this time helps me see it as a pattern that I had not identified before. It goes like this: I want to be a friend and don't want to say no to being emotionally helpful,so I don't admit when I feel that I don't want to hear or talk about other lovers. I fear I'll see myself and be seen as jealous, unable to deal, demanding,.....fill in the blank. So I get into the buddy role and help a lover process their stuff with other lovers. I feel like a counselor and not a lover and I cover the hurt. So after enough of this I withdraw my romantic emotions so that the pal feelings remain and are thus consistent with the external structure of the relationship. I then feel safe but the price is high: little or no romantic or sexual expression.

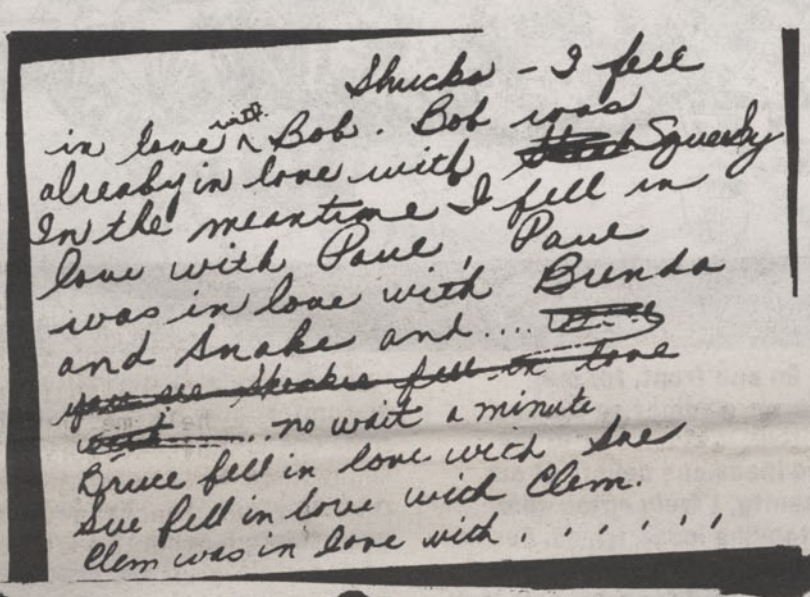
This whole gig seems a classic example of some gender dynamics in our community. Because men don't make it enough of a priority to learn to take care of each other emotionally, they find it easier to do that with the women in their lives who are often lovers. Because women still have that "we should be all

Will someone more clever than I please come up with a word or phrase to describe non-monogamy that does not use the mainstream norm as its point of reference. All the ones I've heard are either too academic or inaccurate. "Poly-intimate" sounds like an anthropology textbook and "pan-sexual" implies that one will fuck anything, which may appear to be true for some of our comrades but is not generally applicable.

things" training to unlearn it is hard to set boundries. It is difficult to say " Please ask me if it's alright to discuss other lovers as I may not always feel like it."

But as I look at setting boundries I also have to look at their appropriateness. Am I being manipulative? ("I prefer to spend this time just with you" seems OK, but "I don't want to ever have to see you with someone else" feels manipulative to me.) Is the boundary for protection or avoidance? ("I'd like to meet your other lover in a circumstance where I feel safe" seems to be an acceptable request, but "I don't want to know about anybody else" feels like it would just be avoiding uncomfortable emotions".) I have a right to set boundaries while simultaneously having a responsiblity to be aware of their impact on others.

Writing this article, while experiencing the events and processes it describes, was a useful tool in honing and focusing our attention. It helped teach us about the level of attention that is necessary to pull this off. We don't know where all this is going from here, so this is an inconclusive conclusion. Hopefully, there will be more group discussions as we all learn to reframe our "personal" lives, to be responsible to the whole community as well as to ourselves. To all who are on that path, we wish you well.



ENLIGHTENED, RADICAL, LONGHAIRED Hippie anarchist with brains & bucks, 49 years old, seeks intelligent, young, attractive girlfriend to rejuvenate his life! Thrill me - I'll spoil you. Richard, Box 24919, SJ CA 95124

SEXY, SPIRITUAL BLONI Candlelight dinners, fire movies, dar

LOOKIN 4 COMPANY
Blue-eyed, Greek-Italian Lesbian, 27. I look like Lyle Lovett, but way cuter. Great cook, domestic butch, would make a great wife. I love to mountain bike and go backroading in my 4X4. Good kisser. ✉ 45-51

SR. BARBIE DOLL wants N/S/N/D, financially secure, New Age-thinking Ken doll. Into walking, theater, movies, dancing, dining out. Come play with me! CAMP F2-02-2359



HET BLUES:

or It's your party and I'll cry if I want to...

One of the things I enjoy about the eco-anarchist culture I hang with is the freedom I usually feel to be myself. I can make jokes about women without it being received as mockery and about/to men without receiving defensiveness. I can be enraged, witty, ideosyncratic, bummed, sarcastic or horny and not feel like folks wish I just wouldn't be those things. It feels desperately alienating to feel us/them lines being drawn in my mind in one of the few communities I finally get a break from them. But, of course, it happens. It happened to me recently.

A group of about 7 of us (I was the only ♂) were having a birthday dinner party. One of the men had recently had a vasectomy so the conversation was drawn to the topic. At first my interest response was: "This is cool, men talking about vasectomies. Go bros..." But then the content of the conversation began to center around, and did not move from, "Did it hurt?.." "I guess I'm just a wimp" (laughter all around)..."I'm afraid of pain" etc...(all accompanied by mock shudders and protective ball grabbing at the mere thought). I was starting to get mad. I thought about making a humorous remark to call attention to all this but realized I was too angry at this point for it to come off as anything but caustic. It seemed better to be clear, to be either funny or angry, but not try to pass one off as the other. I could feel myself withdraw. I felt outnumbered. My friends became...**MEN.**

I have never, nor has any woman I know, expected the female crotch to be a pain-free zone. Experience never taught me that either. When pregnant I could choose between a painful abortion or painful childbirth. I have known pain from sex, cramps, birth control, abortion and tubal ligation. (When deciding to get a tubal ligation pain was a concern but not one of the factors in the decision.) So it made me angry to hear men avoiding a decision, which impacts their women lovers' lives, because "it might hurt". Men have the option of avoiding pain and do so simply because they can.

In talking with some men later (I chose not to bring it up that night..I mean really who wants to bring up rage, pregnancy, and abortion at a Birthday party...) legitimate issues were raised. Issues about the process of making so final a decision (evolution as distinct from procrastination), about fear, about our own eco-anarchist version of peer group pressure (since sterilized is the new cool thing to be),

Scratching the Itch



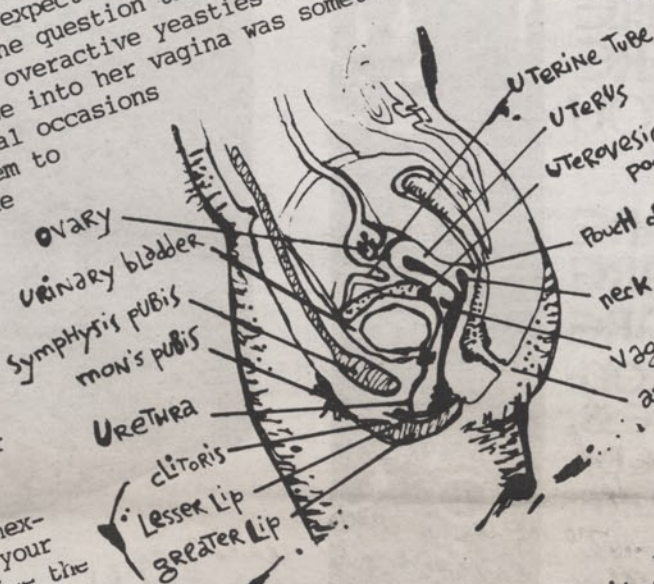
On Character, Culture and Tina's yeast infection.

by joan dark

Maybe the best insight into a character isn't found in how they treat their lover, what landmark decisions they make, or how they would act if they were one of those TV detectives cast into a hackneyed plot with only the most obvious options available to them. Instead, could it be that the true self shines through in those small private moments when one is handling the most animal of concerns: something along the lines of bodily excretion.

Take yeast infections for example. Tina gets them approximately three times a year. Once around the holidays, once when the school year starts, and once at a random time for her body's own unreasons. But she can always expect one time for her body's biotics which is enough to make one question that cure. The pharmacist's answer to her own little overactive yeasties also gives Tina pause; inserting chemical ooze into her body's Tina wanted to save only for special occasions and the tri-annual Itch didn't seem to deserve whatever unseen affects the stuff would have on her body. So Tina sought a more holistic approach.

Now, a yeast infection is not like poison oak or crabs or a jellyfish sting. It's closest to the kind of itch you get on your back in a spot you can't reach, or in your nose or on your foot deep inside a boot. Well, it's like having several of these kind of unexplained, irritating sensations in your crotch. But you must further imagine the kind of social forces working against the almost overwhelming impulse to scratch it. Unfortunately, if one does find themselves in the position to itch, it gives no relief whatsoever. Seeking a holistic cure, Tina flipped through some herb books for a good one. She had heard from a friend headed to medical school that inserting **a clove of garlic** into the vagina helped and Tina, having found that it didn't hurt, did just that. This time she got lazy though, and forgot to tie a string around the garlic. It took her a couple of days to find the little thing and get it out. By then she was tasting the garlic on her breath, but her symptoms did subside considerably, if not entirely.



Now Tina didn't suffer from any moral guilt about turning herself on except that there was a drought in effect.

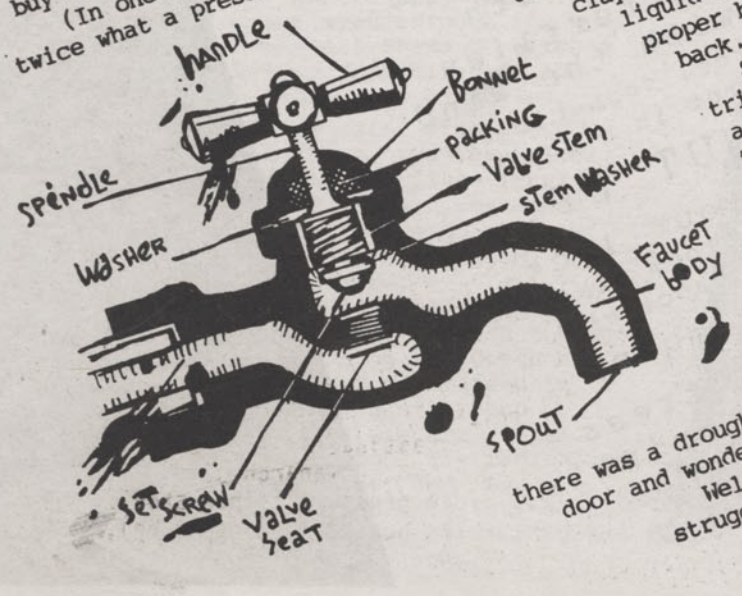
Tina also used some **Pau D'Arco**, a woody looking herb that the woman at the Herb Room had told her to boil in water and then douche with. "But, oh yeah, let it cool down first," she smiled.

Tina had still been embarrassed to ask for a douche bag. She hated the idea of douching. She had always equated douche bags with very gross, disgusting things. In later infections she would price the bags with very gross, disgusting things, but refused to buy one at such a hideous high price. (In one recent trip, she noticed the chemical ooze now sells over the counter for over twice what a prescription cost and she was so mad she nearly ripped a box off except every house detective in the store was on her butt so bad.)

So Tina improvised for a douche bag, crawling into the bathtub twice a day with a delicate and sleek red clay teapot and a yellow plastic funnel. Pouring the proper but awkward angle, some inevitably spilled down her liquid between her legs which lifted her body at the back.

She had found that method worked better than the yoghurt packs she had tried. A friend told her to pour **plain yoghurt** into her birth control diaphragm and insert it. Perhaps the problem was she never got enough yoghurt where it needed to be, instead sending it onto the walls of the bathroom as the disk boomeranged out of her hands. (While fruit-in-the-bottom variety yoghurt is tempting to use, anything with sugar in it should be kept yards away from any body opening of someone with a yeast infection. In fact, beer, coffee, and anything fun or good-tasting should also be avoided according to some fanatics.)

But to get back to Tina's character, it seems significant that she also used the bathtub to masturbate, running the warm water over her genitals. This she had read about in a library book and had once practiced regularly but now only on occasion. Now Tina didn't suffer any moral guilt about turning herself on except that she didn't exactly tell anybody about her fun and always locked the door and wondered what they might think she was doing in there with the water just running like that. Well, it was about the time she was thinking this and she had just had an orgasm and was struggling to position herself for a make-shift douche when the suction of her back on the porcelain lets out what must have echoed through the whole house as one of the loudest flatulations in human history. And she made that noise a couple of times before she was able to stop. And she thought it was deliriously funny. She set down her head on the tub bottom and laughed.



THE CONTINUED HET BLUES

men's responsibility in birth control, pregnancy, etc....All worthy topics. So why didn't the men bring them up to each other? The same reason I didn't bring it up in the large group: Fear of exposure and rejection for bringing up uncomfortable issues. It's not complicated, but simple and easy are not the same thing.

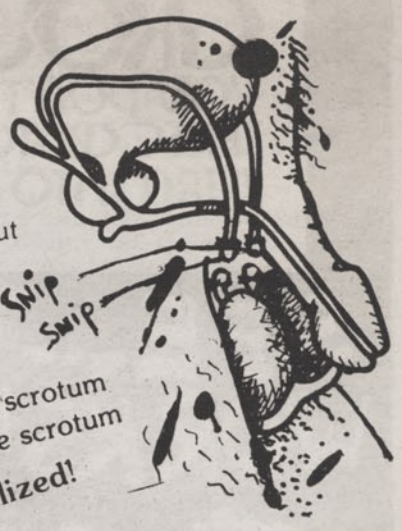
So to the straight/bi men I would offer this: Take more responsibility. One for process, many women are better at process (that vague term we all understand differently but similarly enough to work with) and are usually willing to help and share skills - but ask first. I know I usually am happy to do so but I get resentful when I feel I'm doing it for you instead of with you. All the experience in the world doesn't remove that awkward fearful "jumpy stomach" feeling experienced when bringing up something uncomfortable. That feeling doesn't go away, you just have to say it anyway.

And take responsibility, also, for making a decision about a vasectomy. Make a thoughtful deliberate decision, but make one and act on it. The fact remains that a vasectomy is the only thing you can do (or not have intercourse) which completely frees a woman from (at best difficult, at worst dangerous) birth control. If you choose not to have a vasectomy you should use condoms (which, of course we should all be doing anyway for safe sex), but in themselves condoms are not an effective method of birth control. You can find out your woman lover's cycles and stay aware of them, avoiding intercourse during the most fertile time (ovulation and 4-5 days on either side). You also have a responsibility to ask a woman's intention in case of a pregnancy; be clear of your intention and express it **before** having sex (Erotic mood wrecker?...So's an abortion).

I am trying to give what I want to get. I hope friends in this community are willing to not just call me on my bullshit, but also (assuming I take responsibility) help me through it. We are all damaged by this culture. I think we sometimes perpetuate it by slamming and running. Let's assume we've all had our innate understanding of how to love and support each other beaten out of us, and set about learning as a community how to help set each other free. I could sure use it.

Here's how

15 to 20 minutes
anesthetic
1 or 2 very small cuts
two tubes tied off and cut
A couple of stitches
go home
ejaculate semen
soreness of the scrotum
swelling of the scrotum
sterilized!



GROW UP!



THERE'S NO GOD UP THERE. DON'T INVENT A FATHER CHRISTMAS SUBSTITUTE. THERE'S NO EARTH MOTHER. NOT EVEN A GREAT BIG INVISIBLE BLUE BUTTERFLY UP THERE WITH A SHOULDER FOR YOU TO CRY ON.

THE CHILDREN WHO ARE INVENTING THESE GODS ARE PLAYING WITH ARE. THEY ARE POWERFUL MYTHS USED TO CONTROL, TO BRAINWASH, TO OPPRESS, TO KILL. BY THEIR LAWS OF OBEDIENCE THEY ATTRACT THE CORRUPT LIKE FLIES TO A STEAMING TURD. BY IMPOSING TAXATION THEY CREATED THE WEALTH AND THE POVERTY. THE PRIESTS WERE THE FIRST TAX COLLECTORS.

GROW UP
YOU DON'T NEED
THESE CRUTCHES THAT
TURN INTO CHAINS

Ⓐ

OH SHUT UP!

There are spirits everywhere.
All life is sacred.
The trees, animals, rocks,
and waters possess powers
and magic is afoot.
Like a witch I will dance
and my soul shall fly
with enchantment
and my soul shall fly
free and strong,
wild with the glory
of the earth,
high above your dead,
uninspired dullness.
The druids and priestesses of the forests
charged no taxes, created no wealth
except that of the spirit.
Father Christmas is my ancient god of
winter and the earth is my mother.
I will cry with
the blue butterflies
and laugh with the wind.
Tired, blinkered, dogmatic anarchists can go rot in a squat.
So SHUT UP
and take your lackluster, lifeless gloom elsewhere.
Meanwhile I'll go dance with pan
under the moon,
worship the trees
and thank the animals
for their ancient wisdom.
See ya!

SEE...THE LORD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS



Graham

g his fo... rusade that pened Thursday night in Tacoma, Graham said hundreds of U.S. soldiers turned to God during the Persian Gulf war.

"They didn't have drugs, they couldn't have alcohol and they couldn't have women," Graham said, noting restrictions placed on soldiers in Islamic-dominated Saudi Arabia. "They had no alternative but to listen to the Christian message. Many of these people are coming back absolutely transformed."

Graham, 72, attributed rep... f wartime conversions to ...lita...

At the dawn of history, common sense was mangled by the notion of patriarchal gods as universal parents despite their inability to give birth. Myths show that early civilizations had a hard time with that one. People would not accept such deities until many centuries had been devoted to their priests' propaganda campaigns. Even then, verbal contortions and deliberately illogical paradoxes were required to establish the worship of gods who offended the ordinary person's pragmatic understanding of reality.

Today the new morality is offended by a God who condemned all humanity to eternal torture for the sin of seeking enlightenment, then changed his mind and decided to forgive some of the sinners, provided they ate the flesh and blood of his Son, who was also the Divine Father in human form, sent to earth for the express purpose of being sacrificed to himself, an allegedly loving Father who decreed his Son's painful slaying, then punished those who carried out his order. This bloodthirsty Son-killing or self-killing Father, who was one but also three; who professed to want good, but created evil; who pretended to love his mortal children while preparing for them a hell sadistic beyond belief; who ordained all things in advance, yet held humans entirely responsible for the errors he knew they would make; who talked of love and ruled by fear—this deity was hardly a product of rational minds.

worshiping The Bean

Daring Anthropology

Selflessly braving untold hazards, the authors have collected several primitive chants from the secret **Javacrucian sect,** which are recited by cultists while grinding beans, during the Transubstantiation of water into starter fluid, and while actually imbibing. The most widely practiced Javacrucian sacramental rite is as follows:

Facing Rising Sun (where applicable, otherwise generic East or any source of light will do), and holding the Mug of Brewe, celebrant takes first sip, elevates cup and intones, "Gods, I needed that!" and means it.

(It is said that in very ancient times, in the days of Atlantis, the Sun rose in the West. Thus, those following the Atlantean trads *face West for this rite.*)

Other rare and previously unrecorded chants are offered below:

A Grinding Invocation:
We all worship the Black Bean!
Body of the god, Caffeine
Where there is Life there is Coffee!
Where there is Coffee there is Life!
(repeat as needed)

Hayduke's Transubstantiation Chant:
Chemicals! Chemicals!
Chemicals! Chemicals, etc.

Jamacian Blue Coffee Chant
Ja-*va*!! Ja-*va*!! Ja-*va*!

North American, circa 1940
I like Coffee, I like tea,
I like the Java-jive and it likes me!

Mythology

The little-known Creation Myth of the Javacrucians was channelled one Beltane Morning by Brother Buffalo, and promptly forgotten by all, who had not yet imbibed the Sacred Substance. Careful anthropological research suggests that it had something to do with the Great God Fillintheblank being deterred from utter destruction of mankind in a fit of disgust when the lesser god Java came up with a bright idea, which, apparently, worked.

Cult Practices

Formulation of the Holy Brew is widely varied, although generally members of differing sects have no problem practicing even the most arcane rites together and harmoniously, as long as there's enough. Sects of the Javacrucian tradition vary mainly around additives to the Basic Brew. The authors were able to observe and identify the following sub-sects:

The Path of Sweetness and Light
The Great Why Botherhood
The Path of Delectable Darkness
The Milky Way

Obscure ritual tools have been excavated from settlements of **Puppies,** who are suspected of being the largest suborder of kitchen Javacrucians. These artifacts include bean roasting pans, elaborate electronic devices with lights, bells, whistles and radios, and offering trays and votive vessels.

Heretic groups have naturally arisen from such a widespread cult, such as **The Path of the Quick Fix,** and the **New Reformed Order of the Unleaded.** Primitive societies often have proto-Javacrucianisms. These include Cowboy Coffee, Denneys, and Norwegian fam-trads.

Javacrucian Brahmans have strict cult requirements not easily met by the less devoted. These include keeping the Holy Beans in the freezer and grinding in the Prayer Wheel only seconds before expressing the Sacred Essence. Mystery cults insist on arcane brewing methods known only to their members. Which is what makes them a Mystery, see?

Associated cults include **Teaosophists, Rastacolians, Mateyanists,** and the more distantly related **Chocoholics.** This formerly obscure cult of the Cocoa Bean has experienced a monumental growth in membership in the last half of the 20th century, when Chocolate suddenly became widely available. We have unearthed some obscure references to a fusion practice wherein Chololate-covered Espresso Beans are eaten whole in order to induce an altered state of consciousness. Chocolate is, of course, recognized in all Caffeine Cults as the Fifth Element.



Foe Of Halloween

I am one of those parents who keep their children from Halloween parties at school. I do so because Halloween is a day to glorify and honor Satan. I am not paranoid. I am a Christian, and the Bible specifically tells us not to have anything to do with mediums or wizards (Leviticus 19:31) or to seek out or follow a soothsayer, augur, charmer or a necromancer (Deuteronomy 18:9-13).

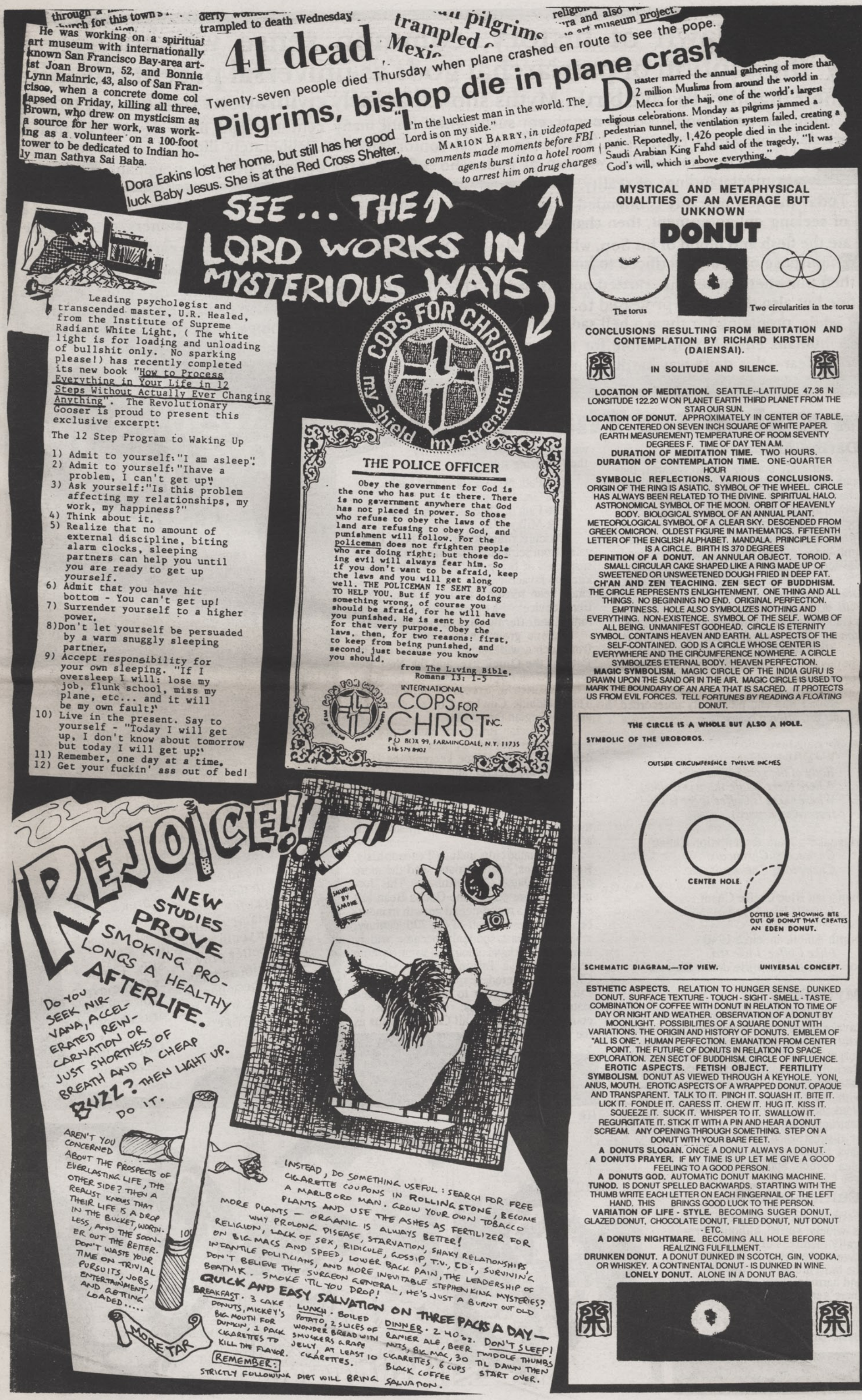
I have three children, and as a family, we spend the evening with our children — either at church or in a special activity. I buy candy for them in lieu of trick-or-treating, and they haven't complained yet.

My fifth-grade daughter has 22 children in her class, and four children chose to leave school early before the Halloween party started. Watch and wait to see what happens here in the Metro East area during the next few years.

A satanic cult intends to evangelize our youth during the 1990s. You'd better pray we "silly" Christians unite and have our God move to stop these people, or you will see something worse than drugs happen to our teen-agers.

Colleen Bode
Collinsville




through a
-urch for this town
tion.
He was working on a spiritual art museum with internationally known San Francisco Bay-area artist Joan Brown, 52, and Bonnie Lynn Mainric, 43, also of San Francisco, when a concrete dome collapsed on Friday, killing all three. Brown, who drew on mysticism as a source for her work, was working as a volunteer on a 100-foot tower to be dedicated to Indian holy man Sathya Sai Baba.
derly women
trampled to death Wednesday
41 dead
trampled
pilgrims
Mexic
religion
ra and also w
e art museum project.
Twenty-seven people died Thursday when plane crashed en route to see the pope.
Pilgrims, bishop die in plane crash
Disaster marred the annual gathering of more than 2 million Muslims from around the world in Mecca for the hajj, one of the world's largest religious celebrations. Monday as pilgrims jammed a pedestrian tunnel, the ventilation system failed, creating a panic. Reportedly, 1,426 people died in the incident. Saudi Arabian King Fahd said of the tragedy, "It was God's will, which is above everything."
Dora Eakins lost her home, but still has her good luck Baby Jesus. She is at the Red Cross Shelter.
"I'm the luckiest man in the world. The Lord is on my side."
MARION BARRY, in videotaped comments made moments before FBI agents burst into a hotel room to arrest him on drug charges
SEE... THE LORD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS
COPS FOR CHRIST
my shield
my strength
Leading psychologist and transcended master, U.R. Healed, from the Institute of Supreme Radiant White Light, (The white light is for loading and unloading of bullshit only. No sparking please!) has recently completed its new book "How to Process Everything in Your Life in 12 Steps Without Actually Ever Changing Anything". The Revolutionary Gooser is proud to present this exclusive excerpt:
The 12 Step Program to Waking Up
1) Admit to yourself: "I am asleep".
2) Admit to yourself: "Ihave a problem, I can't get up".
3) Ask yourself: "Is this problem affecting my relationships, my work, my happiness?"
4) Think about it.
5) Realize that no amount of external discipline, biting alarm clocks, sleeping partners can help you until you are ready to get up yourself.
6) Admit that you have hit bottom - You can't get up!
7) Surrender yourself to a higher power.
8) Don't let yourself be persuaded by a warm snuggly sleeping partner.
9) Accept responsibility for your own sleeping. "If I oversleep I will: lose my job, flunk school, miss my plane, etc... and it will be my own fault."
10) Live in the present. Say to yourself - "Today I will get up, I don't know about tomorrow but today I will get up."
11) Remember, one day at a time.
12) Get your fuckin' ass out of bed!
THE POLICE OFFICER
Obey the government for God is the one who has put it there. There is no government anywhere that God has not placed in power. So those who refuse to obey the laws of the land are refusing to obey God, and punishment will follow. For the policeman does not frighten people who are doing right; but those doing evil will always fear him. So if you don't want to be afraid, keep the laws and you will get along well. THE POLICEMAN IS SENT BY GOD TO HELP YOU. But if you are doing something wrong, of course you should be afraid, for he will have you punished. He is sent by God for that very purpose. Obey the laws, then, for two reasons: first, to keep from being punished, and second, just because you know you should.
from The Living Bible, Romans 13: 1-5
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P.O. BOX 99, FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735
516-579-8902
MYSTICAL AND METAPHYSICAL QUALITIES OF AN AVERAGE BUT UNKNOWN
DONUT
The torus
Two circularities in the torus
CONCLUSIONS RESULTING FROM MEDITATION AND CONTEMPLATION BY RICHARD KIRSTEN (DAIENSAI).
IN SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.
LOCATION OF MEDITATION. SEATTLE--LATITUDE 47.36 N LONGITUDE 122.20 W ON PLANET EARTH THIRD PLANET FROM THE STAR OUR SUN.
LOCATION OF DONUT. APPROXIMATELY IN CENTER OF TABLE, AND CENTERED ON SEVEN INCH SQUARE OF WHITE PAPER. (EARTH MEASUREMENT) TEMPERATURE OF ROOM SEVENTY DEGREES F. TIME OF DAY TEN A.M.
DURATION OF MEDITATION TIME. TWO HOURS.
DURATION OF CONTEMPLATION TIME. ONE-QUARTER HOUR
SYMBOLIC REFLECTIONS. VARIOUS CONCLUSIONS. ORIGIN OF THE RING IS ASIATIC. SYMBOL OF THE WHEEL. CIRCLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN RELATED TO THE DIVINE. SPIRITUAL HALO. ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOL OF THE MOON. ORBIT OF HEAVENLY BODY. BIOLOGICAL SYMBOL OF AN ANNUAL PLANT. METEOROLOGICAL SYMBOL OF A CLEAR SKY. DESCENDED FROM GREEK OMICRON. OLDEST FIGURE IN MATHEMATICS. FIFTEENTH LETTER OF THE ENGLISH ALPHABET. MANDALA. PRINCIPLE FORM IS A CIRCLE. BIRTH IS 370 DEGREES
DEFINITION OF A DONUT. AN ANNULAR OBJECT. TOROID. A SMALL CIRCULAR CAKE SHAPED LIKE A RING MADE UP OF SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED DOUGH FRIED IN DEEP FAT.
CH'AN AND ZEN TEACHING. ZEN SECT OF BUDDHISM. THE CIRCLE REPRESENTS ENLIGHTENMENT. ONE THING AND ALL THINGS. NO BEGINNING NO END. ORIGINAL PERFECTION. EMPTINESS. HOLE ALSO SYMBOLIZES NOTHING AND EVERYTHING. NON-EXISTENCE. SYMBOL OF THE SELF. WOMB OF ALL BEING. UNMANIFEST GODHEAD. CIRCLE IS ETERNITY SYMBOL. CONTAINS HEAVEN AND EARTH. ALL ASPECTS OF THE SELF-CONTAINED. GOD IS A CIRCLE WHOSE CENTER IS EVERYWHERE AND THE CIRCUMFERENCE NOWHERE. A CIRCLE SYMBOLIZES ETERNAL BODY. HEAVEN PERFECTION.
MAGIC SYMBOLISM. MAGIC CIRCLE OF THE INDIA GURU IS DRAWN UPON THE SAND OR IN THE AIR. MAGIC CIRCLE IS USED TO MARK THE BOUNDARY OF AN AREA THAT IS SACRED. IT PROTECTS US FROM EVIL FORCES. TELL FORTUNES BY READING A FLOATING DONUT.
THE CIRCLE IS A WHOLE BUT ALSO A HOLE.
SYMBOLIC OF THE UROBOROS.
OUTSIDE CIRCUMFERENCE TWELVE INCHES
CENTER HOLE.
DOTTED LINE SHOWING BITE OUT OF DONUT THAT CREATES AN EDEN DONUT.
SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM.—TOP VIEW. UNIVERSAL CONCEPT.
ESTHETIC ASPECTS. RELATION TO HUNGER SENSE. DUNKED DONUT. SURFACE TEXTURE - TOUCH - SIGHT - SMELL - TASTE. COMBINATION OF COFFEE WITH DONUT IN RELATION TO TIME OF DAY OR NIGHT AND WEATHER. OBSERVATION OF A DONUT BY MOONLIGHT. POSSIBILITIES OF A SQUARE DONUT WITH VARIATIONS. THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DONUTS. EMBLEM OF "ALL IS ONE". HUMAN PERFECTION. EMANATION FROM CENTER POINT. THE FUTURE OF DONUTS IN RELATION TO SPACE EXPLORATION. ZEN SECT OF BUDDHISM. CIRCLE OF INFLUENCE.
EROTIC ASPECTS. FETISH OBJECT. FERTILITY SYMBOLISM. DONUT AS VIEWED THROUGH A KEYHOLE. YONI, ANUS, MOUTH. EROTIC ASPECTS OF A WRAPPED DONUT. OPAQUE AND TRANSPARENT. TALK TO IT. PINCH IT. SQUASH IT. BITE IT. LICK IT. FONDLE IT. CARESS IT. CHEW IT. HUG IT. KISS IT. SQUEEZE IT. SUCK IT. WHISPER TO IT. SWALLOW IT. REGURGITATE IT. STICK IT WITH A PIN AND HEAR A DONUT SCREAM. ANY OPENING THROUGH SOMETHING. STEP ON A DONUT WITH YOUR BARE FEET.
A DONUTS SLOGAN. ONCE A DONUT ALWAYS A DONUT.
A DONUTS PRAYER. IF MY TIME IS UP LET ME GIVE A GOOD FEELING TO A GOOD PERSON.
A DONUTS GOD. AUTOMATIC DONUT MAKING MACHINE.
TUNOD. IS DONUT SPELLED BACKWARDS. STARTING WITH THE THUMB WRITE EACH LETTER ON EACH FINGERNAIL OF THE LEFT HAND. THIS BRINGS GOOD LUCK TO THE PERSON.
VARIATION OF LIFE - STYLE. BECOMING SUGER DONUT, GLAZED DONUT, CHOCOLATE DONUT, FILLED DONUT, NUT DONUT - ETC.
A DONUTS NIGHTMARE. BECOMING ALL HOLE BEFORE REALIZING FULFILLMENT.
DRUNKEN DONUT. A DONUT DUNKED IN SCOTCH, GIN, VODKA, OR WHISKEY. A CONTINENTAL DONUT - IS DUNKED IN WINE.
LONELY DONUT. ALONE IN A DONUT BAG.
REJOICE!!
NEW STUDIES PROVE SMOKING PROLONGS A HEALTHY AFTERLIFE.
DO YOU SEEK NIRVANA, ACCELERATED REINCARNATION OR JUST SHORTNESS OF BREATH AND A CHEAP BUZZ? THEN LIGHT UP. DO IT.
SALVATION BY SMOKE
AREN'T YOU CONCERNED ABOUT THE PROSPECTS OF EVERLASTING LIFE, THE OTHER SIDE? THEN A REALIST KNOWS THAT THEIR LIFE IS A DROP IN THE BUCKET, WORTHLESS, AND THE SOONER OUT THE BETTER. DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON TRIVIAL PURSUITS, JOBS, ENTERTAINMENT, AND GETTING LOADED.....
MORE TAR
INSTEAD, DO SOMETHING USEFUL: SEARCH FOR FREE CIGARETTE COUPONS IN ROLLING STONE, BECOME A MARLBORO MAN. GROW YOUR OWN TOBACCO PLANTS AND USE THE ASHES AS FERTILIZER FOR MORE PLANTS — ORGANIC IS ALWAYS BETTER!
WHY PROLONG DISEASE, STARVATION, SHAKY RELATIONSHIPS, RELIGION, LACK OF SEX, RIDICULE, GOSSIP, T.V., CD's, SURVIVING ON BIG MACS AND SPEED, LOWER BACK PAIN, THE LEADERSHIP OF INFANTILE POLITICIANS, AND MORE INEVITABLE STEPHEN KING MYSTERIES?
DON'T BELIEVE THE SURGEON GENERAL, HE'S JUST A BURNT OUT OLD BEATNIK - SMOKE 'TIL YOU DROP!
QUICK AND EASY SALVATION ON THREE PACKS A DAY—
BREAKFAST - 3 CAKE DONUTS, MICKEY'S BIG MOUTH FOR DUMPIN, 1 PACK CIGARETTES TO KILL THE FLAVOR.
LUNCH - BOILED POTATO, 2 SLICES OF WONDER BREAD WITH SMUCKERS GRAPE JELLY, AT LEAST 10 CIGARETTES.
DINNER - 2 40 oz. RAINIER ALE, BEER NUTS, BIG MAC, 30 CIGARETTES, 6 CUPS BLACK COFFEE
DON'T SLEEP! TWIDDLE THUMBS TIL DAWN THEN START OVER.
REMEMBER: STRICTLY FOLLOWING DIET WILL BRING SALVATION.

Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred! Is nothing sacred? Nothing is sacred!

The New Age Buzzword Indicator

COLUMN 1	COLUMN 2	COLUMN 3
0. spiritual	0. consciousness	0. healing
1. guided	1. meditation	1. interpretations
2. overall	2. bioenergetic	2. transformation
3. Eastern	3. experiential	3. psychotherapy
4. deeper	4. inter-subjective	4. fellowship
5. sacred	5. pre-symbolic	5. channeling
6. holistic	6. transcendental	6. visualization
7. mystic	7. developmental	7. therapy
8. vibrant	8. trans-personal	8. continuum
9. archetypal	9. psychodynamic	9. mindfulness

How it works: Pick a three-digit number, then select the words that correspond in the three columns. 854, for example, yields "vibrant pre-symbolic fellowship", a phrase that makes you fully impressive to New Agers, and just as meaningless as they are.

The No Shit Sherlock Guide to World Religions

It's What's Happening...

TAOISM — Shit Happens!

CONFUCIANISM — Confucius Says: "Shit Happens!"

BUDDHISM — If Shit Happens, It Isn't Really Shit!

ZEN — What Is The Sound Of Shit Happening?

HINDUISM — This Shit Happened Before!

ISLAM — If Shit Happens, It Is The Will of Allah!

PROTESTANTISM — Let Shit Happen To Someone Else!

CATHOLICISM — If Shit Happens, You Deserve it!

JUDAISM — Why Does Shit Always Happen To Us?

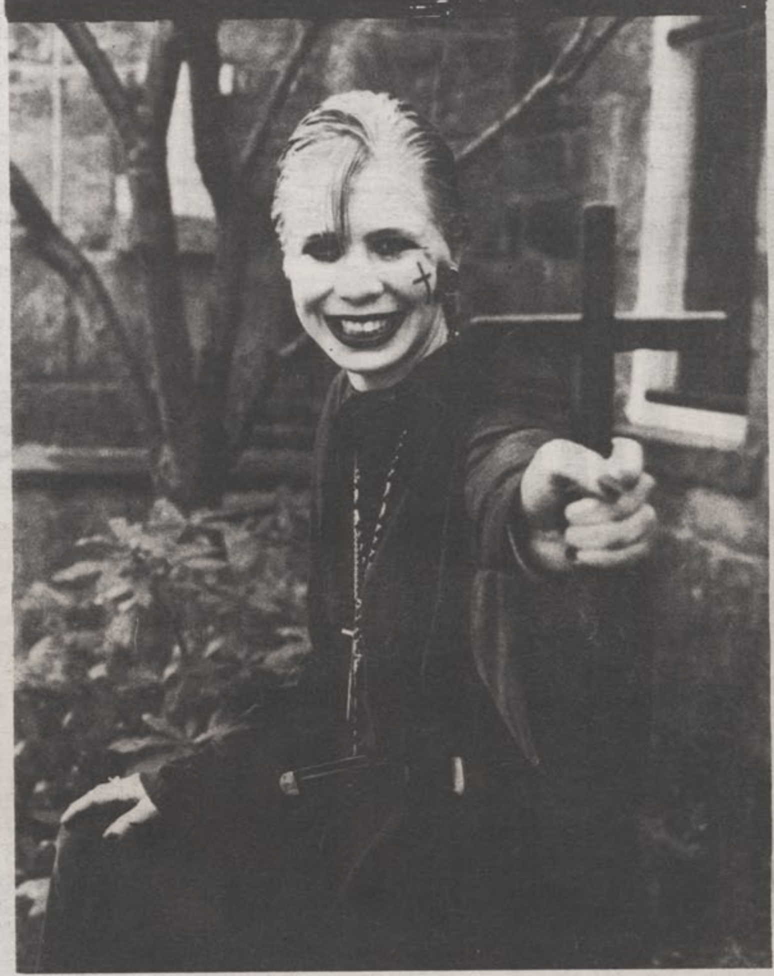
ATHEISM — I Don't Believe This Shit!

AGNOSTICISM — What Is This Shit?

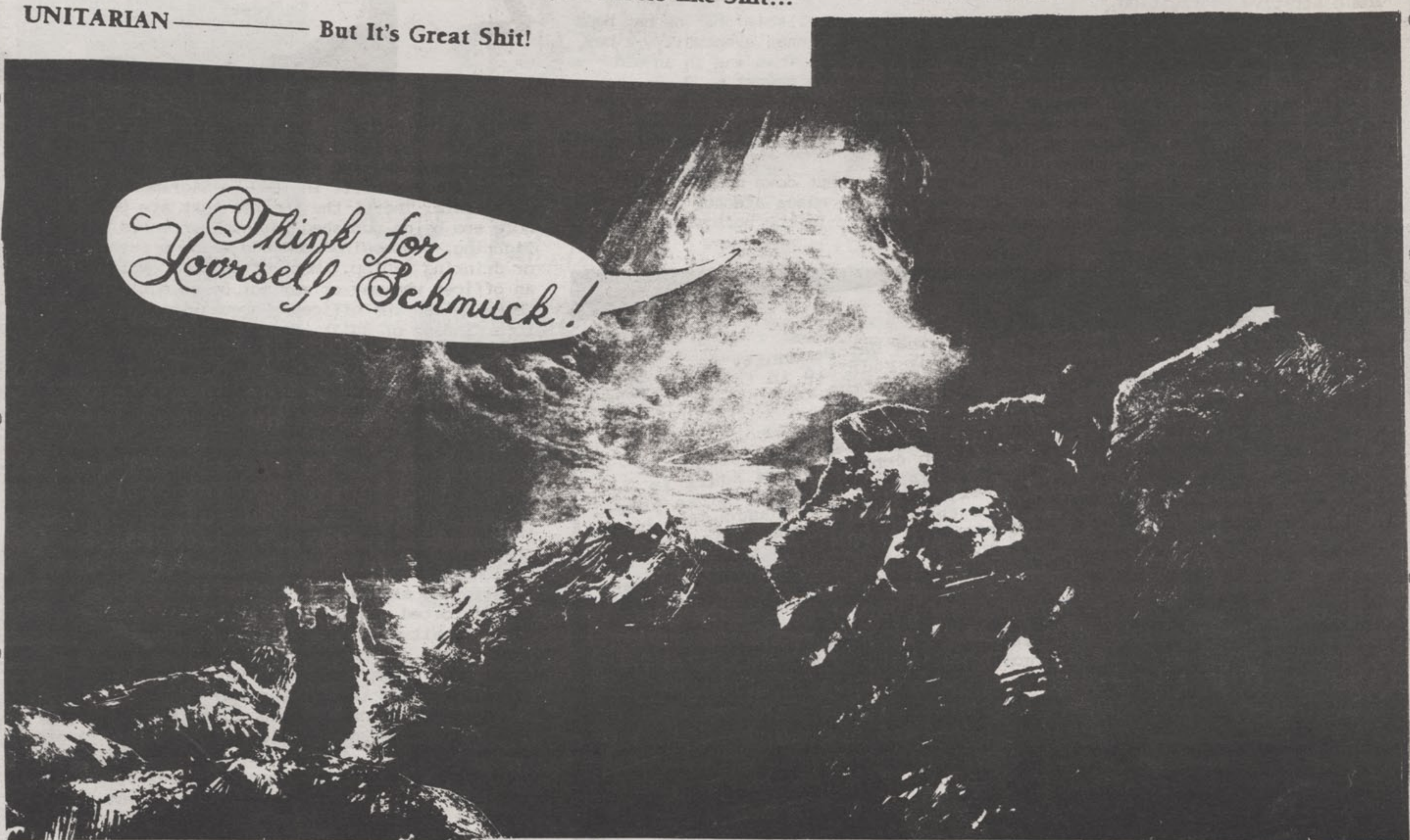
NIHILISM — Who Gives A Shit?

DECONSTRUCTIONISM — If It Looks, Smells, & Tastes like Shit...

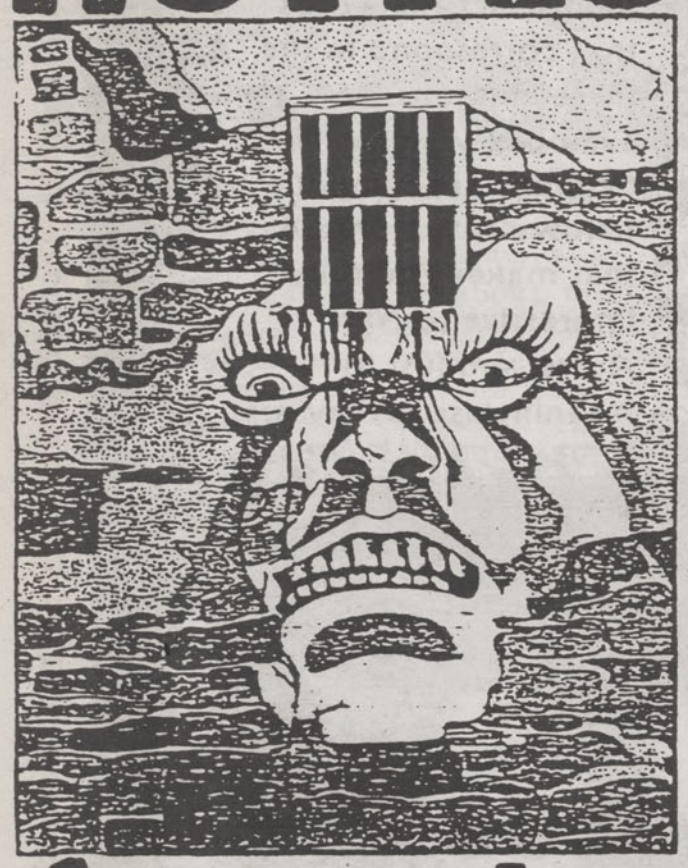
UNITARIAN — But It's Great Shit!



"SO LONG SUCKERS!"



HOWLS



from the HOLE

by Anne Howe
POBox 311712
New Braunfels
Texas 78131

HOWLS part 1

Sensory Deprivation is the reduction of sensory stimulation to a minimum. It is depriving human beings of all normal contact with their environment through sight, hearing and movement.

Folsom Prison, in California, confines inmates to special cells with only necessary facilities and barely enough food to keep them alive. They are forced to lay quietly on bunks for as long as months at a time. They call it "Administrative Segregation." We've heard of it as "the hole" or solitary.

Correction administrators learned from Prisoners of War who have been "softened up" and prepared for brainwashing by being subjected to solitary confinement.

The experiments have revealed that sensory deprivation can have marked effects on practically every mental process, although these effects have varied from subject to subject.The most common emotional effects are restlessness, boredom, and irritability. Some subjects enjoyed the experience during the first few hours, but tended to become apprehensive after two days of isolation. In some cases anxiety rose to panic proportions: "The quiet was so loud it was like a knife stabbing through my eardrums." The effects on thinking processes also increased as time wore on.

In the first few hours they have found it increasingly hard to concentrate and control their thoughts. They finally drifted into daydreaming and incoherent fantasies. A distinct loss in the ability not only to solve problems but to adjust to novel situations has been found. There was also a general loss of efficiency in motor ability. Co-ordination was poorer and reaction time was longer than usual. (If an inmate in Folsom reacts slowly to a guard's command they can be punished further and usually are.)

Two other side effects are particularly significant. It has been revealed that subjects were more easily swayed by propaganda than the ones not under Administrative Segregation -- a fact that helps to explain the use of isolation in brainwashing. Second, gross perceptual changes frequently occurred during sensory deprivation. Illusions and even hallucinations, similar to those produced by mescaline and other drugs have been experienced.

Although they were in a silent environment, they heard strange music and chirping birds or saw doorknobs on imaginary walls. In trying to hold on to reality they struggled to recall recent real life vents and were unable to do so.

So far the experiments have indicated beyond much doubt that the human being cannot continue to function in a normal way if he is deprived of sensory impressions from the external world. In the absence of continuous and varied stimulation, all psychological processes tend to become disrupted and disorganized. The cognitive, perceptual, and emotional changes associated with and consequent to deprivation leave the subject less competent to meet the adaptational demands of this environment and the society which he must reenter at some point.

Therefore, while this age old brainwashing technique sometimes works to control the prison environment it only serves to increase the danger to the general population.

HOWLS part 2

17 years of my incarceration in Prison I never knew woman prisoners get along. So poorly talking bout Respecting one another you have to get it in blood the woman here at Broward Correctional Institution for Woman. Some of them has no respect for themself so they don't have sense enough to Respect others around them. There's harassment between woman prisoner it began with who family don't send them money some prisoners can't afford incom from home thats no reson to talk against another your fellow prisoner. I'm calling it like it is and to hear some woman prisoner the way they curse one another god forbid don't let another prisoner know your personal business you hear about it in a bad way your dead mama this your sick daddy that your ugly Baby kiss my you know what unbelieveabl the woman prisoners steal from one another some time the table turn the streaks get beat and the beat go's on I feel if the woman prisoner for once in their life keep out of other people affairs learn from their down fall of being in prison Respectfully say a few kind Hearted words between one another a fellow prisoners one day at a time to make a better day.

cheers.

Ruby Johnson F02516-404
P.O.Box 8540
Pembroke Pines, FLA
33024

The hole, adjustment unit, the Box, Siberia, Klondike, Solitary, Isolation, "Administrative Segregation."

In one prison, an American Indian had been so uncontrollable that he had been kept in the hole for years. His cell door had been welded shut.eventually, a new warden released him. But by this time he had become blind. That was in an old prison, but there are uncivilized practices in some of the newest.

Difficult inmates may be segregated without specific offense or hearing for months or even years simply because they are active in prison politics or just plain ornery. In short, due process has not had a significant place in that most autocratic of American institutions, the prison.

While Ronald Reagan was governor of California he shut down most of the institutions for the insane. Some of the worst insanity cases are now in Folsom, wandering around, muttering to themselves. They wind up in the hole where they can scream night and day. Other political types that the state wants murdered are usually sent to Folsom where stabbings take place regularly.

Folsom was built in 1890 in Sacramento, California. There, the inmates that are put in the hole are being punished for such offenses like fighting, possessing homemade weapons such as nails, or drinking "julep." Most often the complainant is an officer who may or may not be objective and fair. Nevertheless the officer's accusation is tantamount to a finding of guilt, for it is a correctional precept that the officer's word must be upheld. For example, if it looks like a fight has taken place the standard response is to treat the two as equally guilty; they say weakly, "It takes two to tango," and then lock up both suspects.

Once the inmate has been accused he is put in the hole to wait for a hearing by the prison bureaucrats. In the hole he is virtually cut off from everything, including his possessions, and it may be as long as 15 days before he is given the charges against him. This is a further means of prolonging his tension so that, long before questioning starts, his thinking may have begun to get distorted. He will have been foraging in his mind for all possible reasons why he has been imprisoned, and perhaps finding every answer but the right one. He may even begin to believe his speculations as though they were facts.

Confessions can be made which, though largely false, may come to be believed by both the examiner and the prisoner. This is because the examiner first suggest to the prisoner that he is guilty of a crime and tries to convince him. Even if the inmate is innocent, the long tension to which he has been subjected may well have already frightened him into

Dear Editor:

I come across your ad listed in the Gay Community News, and decided to drop you a short note seeking your aid in the following which consist of receiving any and all positive reading material that you made have available free to prisoners.

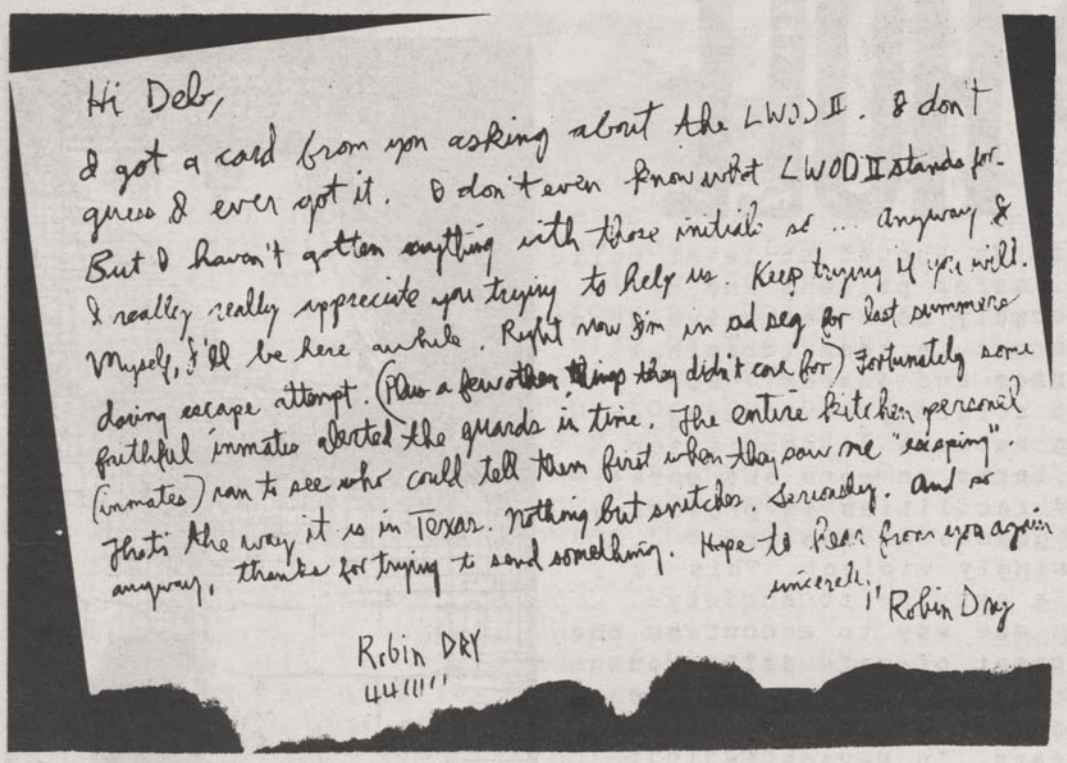
I am presently confined to the maximum security section of the Louisiana State prison, my condition consist of 24 hours in a single cell, and this has been my plight for going on three years, I am given ten minutes out for shower, and escorted handcuffed back to my cell. The noise is very bad in this area because many just dont take the time to do anything positive with there time other than holler and throw human waste on one another, the condition has brought out the worse in many who find themself unable to handle the cell time.

I would like to be placed on your listing to received your publication, and any other material you may have available to a prisoner.... Keep up the good work that you are doing and I will await your reply to this letter.

In Struggle:

Nyati Bolt#72821

Nyati Bolt#72821
Kamp-J-Shark-4-R-13
Louisiana State Prison
Angola, Louisiana 70712



suggestibility. If the examination is pressed, he may even begin to play back an old record -- confessing to crimes suggested by the officer in earlier cross-examinations. The officers, forgetting that the incidents were originally their own guesswork, are deceived: the prisoner has now "spontaneously" confessed what they have been suspecting all along. It is not realized that fatigue and anxiety induce suggestibility in the examiner as well as the prisoner.

This increased suggestibility, or the paradoxical or ultra-paradoxical phase of reaction to stress is most likely to occur when such persons may be most easily persuaded to make statements which not only increase their chances of conviction, but sometimes incriminate them unjustly. Later they may calm down, return to a more normal state of brain activity, and ask to withdraw these statements. It is then too late.

The prisoner often spends the entire period before his bureaucratic hearing, and during it, trying to understand how he came to sign so damaging a "voluntary" statement as he has given and wonders how to explain or extricate himself from it's implications.

Police have no compunctions about writing practical textbooks on the subject of how to elicit confessions. The lie detector and urine test has been found to be wonderfully effective for scaring the inexperienced into making confessions. Even if a test is negative,the examiner can still pretend to believe that it is positive, to help win a confession. "Career" criminals have learned by experience the danger of co-operating in any form with police questioning or examination and so refuse to answer any questions at all.

The experienced criminal is handled by "keeping at him" day after day until he "breaks." They get him into a mental corner, a wedge in as a start, which is his weak spot. Once the weak spot is found, the prisoner becomes confused, all his defenses have been beaten down. He's cornered, trapped. That's when he breaks. The torture comes from his mind, not from the outside.

With such a technique, truth and falsehood can get hopelessly confused in the minds of both the suspect and the examiner; and if what he calls a weak spot is not present, the police examiner determined to get a confession can create it by suggestion. The prisoner has merely given back what has been originally implied or suggested. They have both been brainwashed.

Major A. Farrar-Hockley gave a description of the technique by which ideas can be implanted without the use of strong, direct and obvious suggestion. He has been a British prisoner of war in Korea. "The Chinese are past masters at this technique. They wouldn't tell me what they really wanted. Whenever we got near to something substantial, they would immediately come back to it from another angle and we'd go all around it, but I'd never find out what it was. And then they would go away and leave me thinking. I believe if the interrogator went on long enough with someone who is in a very weak state, and then sprang the idea suddenly on him, the chap would seize on it and become obsessed by it. He would begin to say,'Well, I wonder whether in fact it's all really true, and this is what I was thinking in the first place.' Every time they went away I spent hours saying, 'Now was it that? No, it couldn't have been that. I wonder if it was so and so?' and that's what they were trying to do. They were trying to get me to a state when the idea would suddenly come, and I would begin to wonder whether I'd thought of it or they had. Another method is to gradually suggest something by talking round it and getting a little nearer each time and just giving a fragment so that you build up the idea in your own mind. And they say,'But you said this, we didn't.' and you think you had." Of course, for this technique to work the prisoner must be put in Segregation where the sensory deprivation is greatest.

In the years 1644-46 women suspected of being witches were also put in the Hole with nothing so that the official witch-finders could gain their confessions. The U.S. Justice Dept. shares a long and distinguished career with witch hunters, the Inquistion, the Russian Purge and Chinese torturers.

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS ON AMERICAN PRISONERS

When Ronald Reagan was governor of California, he lent his considerable authority to promote what he termed a violence center for the state. He intended it should be established on an abandoned nuclear weapons test site in the Santa Monica mountains. He had tirelessly lobbied President Nixon, the Secretary of Defense, and numerous federal agencies to approve the center and made it a theme of his 1974 State of the State message. He was genuinely mystified the outrage the proposal drew. It gained Reagan the name of the Great Satan. Sheykh Fadlallah, in West Beirut, addressed a rally on January 22, 1985. The day was deliberately chosen because it marked the eleventh anniversary of a plan by the Great Satan (Reagan) to introduce into his state of California a special center where their brothers, the Moslems of North America would have parts of their brains removed and electrodes implanted in their skulls so that the Great Satan could control them. It was against such evil, Sheykh Fadlallah concluded, that they were forced to resist. When the state legislature canceled the project on the grounds that public opinion was too sensitive, Reagan continued to reflect the view of some of the country's leading physicians and brain surgeons that the center was desirable as a means to bring under control the violence in the cities. The project remained on the governor's active file until he became president. (Journey into Madness/the true story of secret CIA min control and medical abuse. by Gordon Thomas.)

(For the rest of this article, either write to Ann Howe or request that it be printed in the next Live Wild or Die.)



HOWLS part 3

Riding some ones else's heat is prison talk for receiving punishment for some one else's misdeed. When an inmate manufactured weapon is found in Folsom any one near it is thrown in the hole pending investigation. Recently, nine medium security inmates were unloading a truck. A knife was found in the truck so all nine inmates were put in isolation. The report read "...your continued presence on this general population may be a threat to the safety and security of the institution." The report did not indicate if fingerprints had been taken. The authorities simply wait, hoping that some one will rat. The concept of labelling persons as "a threat"assumes an ability to predict future behavior. This is something best left to experts, not clerks.

The inmates who have shown a desire to improve by working at a prison job are systematically punished for their endeavors. The authorities make it their business to "keep them down," to kill any hope for normality or for being human.

"The impact of being cut off from other individuals, from forced idleness, from a lack of programs, being cut off from their families, has a very serious psychological impact..." Matthew A Coles, an attorney for the ACLU said in a recent case against the Vacaville Prison in California. "It is unthinkably cruel..."

Atrophy is a wasting of the muscle tissue from lack of use. This is common with people who are hospitalized for long periods of time. When they are well enough to leave their bed their doctor puts them through therapy so that they can gain reuse of their limbs. Their is no therapy for inmates who are found innocent and released from the hole in Folsom. One inmate was in the hole just 17 days before he was found innocent of a fighting charge. Others can be held months at a time while their cases are being investigated. This inmate could only walk the distance of six feet a day, usually to pick up the food tray. After his 17 day stay in the hole, his legs were not only weakened but

CONTINUED

HOWLS from the HOLE

he was also in pain for days afterward.

Segregated housing not only strips prisoners of the social skills they need of they are to succeed on release but it also creates a hard and fast hatred.

Why should you care?there are a couple of good selfish reasons. The most obvious is that you or someone close to you may one day find yourself in jail on some petty charge and end up being savaged. More compelling is the argument that prison has become one of the chief brutalizing agents in our society, making life less safe for all of us. It doesn't take a multi-million dollar study or a Ph.D to recognize that men and women who have been subjected to brutality in our prisons are likely to pass on their trauma once released. and don't think they won't be released: more than nine out of ten of those we incarcerate end up back on the streets. When a man -- humiliated by the conditions of his confinement and outraged by his treatment at the hands of inmates and guards -- subsequently takes out his rage on the first defenseless civilian who has the misfortune of crossing his path, the cycle of violence is complete.

Should we abandon the use of prisons? We should st least build better, safer prisons and be considerably more selective about whom we put in them (criminal categories and guards). Our current strategy of locking up growing numbers of people for longer terms in more and more crowded facilities is producing prison graduates who are increasingly violent. This is hardly a service to society. Perhaps one way to encourage the development of safe jails would be to require lawyers and judges to spend two weeks in jail every five years. In Nevada in 1971 23 judges spent a single night in Nevada State Prison. They emerged appalled at the homosexuality and inmate bitterness, and at men "raving, screaming, and pounding the walls." Judge Newton Vickers said "I felt like an animal in a cage" and recommended that bulldozers be dispatched to tear the "damn thing to the ground."

The negative effects of caging reach beyond prison walls, allowing citizens a false sense of safety. Prisons, by their very existence, exonerate communities from the responsibilities of providing the necessary human services which might effectively reduce "crime" or the desperate need for food and shelter. ◘





CONTINUED RADICAL FAERIES

So, Radical, because we have a radical view of politics.and society as a repressed people, and radical solutions and wasy of organizing and dealing with each other. Faeries, because we are those entities which gave rise to the tales of us living in the woods, wearing green, helping lost children, casting spells, and being magical princes and trolls and gnomes and pixies and leprechans. There are plenty of smaller circles that make up the whole: SM leather/tattoo/piercing/body-scarring faeries, punk rock faeries, middle-aged businessmen faeries, loosening up and becoming more beautiful, older world-traveled faeries in jeweled cloaks of wisdom, shamans and others, that all interlap and, so far, have made it work. More permanent Faerielands and Faerie Communes in cities are created all the time, and make it very easy to travel. Many of us look forward to more gatherings with wimmin, and they have happened. But knowing that wimmins' space has its own majick, we, as gatherings of males, are an essential part of the movement to discover what males can mean to each other outside of competition and violence.

As for political action in the wider society, many of us are involved in groups like ACT-UP! and other AIDS hospice/activist groups, the anarchist scene, anti-intervention, homeless issues, anti-nuke, etc. In June '89, the Radical Faeries and the Queen Anarchists staged a Fairy Action Gathering (F.A.G.) in New York to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall Riots. After a week-long gathering at an upstate farm, we caravanned to the lower east side. On Friday night of Gay Day weekend, we held a funeral procession for Judy. Led by a pair of ruby slippers on a satin pillow (trashy, ruby-glittered platform pumps, actually), we carried her flowered coffin, complete with a boom-box blasting Judy's favorites, from Tomkins Square park to the site of the Stonewall Inn. Stopping to mourn loudly along the way, we handed out fliers to the incredulous and gathered a great crowd, including the anarchist punks of the east village/Loisaida. The next night, footsore from ACT-UP!'s march uptown to Central Park from the Village (the original direction of the Gay Day march going out of the ghetto, before commercial interests reversed it so that the marchers would end up in the bars), we heol a theatrical commemorative riot. We gathered in front of the Stonewall site, which is now something else, and heard a few speeches. All of a sudden, some leatherboys in cop drag attacked a few of the many drag queens. The queens fought back, and all hell broke loose. We had made up dozens of yellow foam bricks for the occassion, and they began to fly. It was fun for a while, but we wanted more. There are some 10,000 homeless HIV positive people in NYC, and thousands of city owned warehoused apartments. Homophobic attacks are way up, and two gay men had been killed that week with an inadequate response by the police, as usual. AIDS, and the government's response to it, is the most massive gaybash since Hitler's ovens. We headed for the Village, where fags sat in the bars. "Out of the bars and into the streets" went up the chant at each bar, and we cheered for those that joined us. Within a half hour, we were a loud several thousand, totally in control of the streets. We trashed a police station, blocked the west side highway, and generally celebrated until some homophobes in a new sportscar picked the absolute wrong time and place to show their colors by yelling, "Fucking faggots," and backing into some people. The cops showed their colors by letting them go. We showed ours by running them down on foot and destroying their car. Some gleefully collected the shattered glass to make earrings. It was fun and we all headed back to the basement of the old Stonewall Bar where faeries had set up a living history display. In nine stations, complete with actors, we were taken on a tour of the history/herstory of the world pertaining to us.

The next day, we livened up the rather somber New York Gay Day parade with Fairy Charges. By waiting a bit to let the parade get ahead, we'd fall back a block or two then all charge screaming forward. It was quite a sight for the stunned onlookers...all those wild flowing bizaare outfits, and the high pitched hilarity, was an experience even New Yorkers weren't prepared for. Usually though, fairy action is a subtle thing that comes "from askance," as Harry Hay put it: a skirt on a boy in town, a queer little kiss-in at an antichoice rally, a queer kiss anywhere for that matter, the projection of a faggoty architype on a night street, a bit of artful graffiti, and by our general appearance in public demonstrations...showing that there is a much greater realm to being a human being than most people have been led to believe.

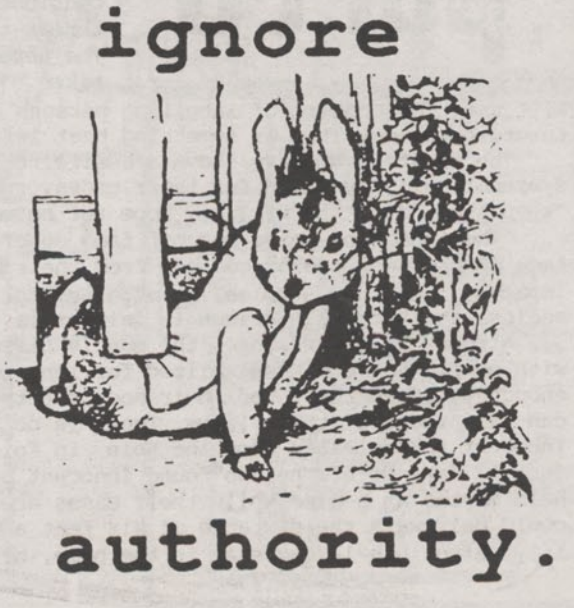
Some reading I'd suggest is:

Evans, Arthur; Witchcraft and the Gay Counterculture

Mitchell, Larry; The Faggots and Their Friends Between Revolutions

RFD Magazine

Thompson, Mark; Gay Spirit



FART IN THE FACE of AUTHORITY!

RULE THE HOUSE WITH AN IRON FIST? NOT WHEN WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS DOWN OUR PANTS. WHO WANTS TO LIVE IN FEAR? DID YOU SAY YOU WOULD NEVER DO AS YER PARENTS DID? OH... THEN THE CLASSIC SITUATIONS POPPED UP! YOU'RE LATE! UH OH THE KID TOOK A SHIT! WHEN WILL THAT YOUNGSTER LEARN TO USE THE TOY-TEE? NOW THE OLDER ONE DOESN'T WANNA GO WITH YOU! EVERYTHING CLOSES AT 5:00 AND YOU HAVE TO BIKE ACROSS TOWN TO PICK-UP SOME FRESH TOFU. OH SHIT! WHAT NOW? RELAX... SMOKE A JOINT. YEAH RIGHT - HOW CAN YOU RELAX WITH FULL TILT MANIACS DESTROYING THE TRANQUIL SANCTUARY YOU TRY TO MAINTAIN? I SAY LET 'EM RIP! IT'S HARD SOMETIMES. I KNOW SOME OF US HAVE THAT NEATNESS COMPLEX UP OUR ASS! WHY CLEAN? WHY MAINTAIN ORDER? WE'RE FUCKIN' PUNK PARENTS! CHAOS O.K.? YEAH I KNOW WE SHOULD DO THE DISHES, DO THE LAUNDRY. O.K. BRUSH OUR TEETH. I KNOW WE SHOULD BRUSH EACH DAY. HOW DO WE BRUSH OUR CHILDREN WHEN THEY DON'T WANNA? EVERYDAY IS A BATTLE OF THE "SHOULDS." WE KNOW SOME THINGS KIDS SHOULD DO FROM EXPERIENCE, BUT OUR KID DON'T WANNA DO ANYTHING WE SAY. THAT'S GOOD, I KNOW... BUT THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S TIME TO LEAVE AND THE LITTLE WHINER AINT GETTIN' READY, & WE'RE GETTIN' FRUSTRATED, DESPERATELY TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM HOW MUCH FUN WE WILL HAVE OR JUST PLAIN FORCING HIM TO GET DRESSED OR SOMETHING. EVERYDAY WE DEVISE CREATIVE METHODS TO APPROACH OUR DAILY RITUALS and HYGIENE. THEN I LOOK HARD AND SEE THESE GAMES WE PRESENT ARE PLAIN MANIPULATION, COERCION, SUBTLE HEAD TRIPS. AND THEY DRAIN THE BRAIN. I USUALLY JES' SAY FUCK IT. AND HE PICKS UP ON THAT, SO IT IS HARDER NEXT TIME CUZ HE WANTS TO SEE HOW LONG 'TIL I GIVE IN. THEN WE RAISE OUR VOICE, THEN WE ALL CRINGE. I HOPE SOON HE WILL WANT TO COOPERATE MORE. IT'S SPRING NOW. WE WILL LET HIM RUN AROUND NAKED. HE CAN SHIT & PISS ON THE GROUND, THAT'S O.K. HE CAN EAT WITH HIS FINGERS. HE PUSHES OTHER KID'S AROUND, BIG KIDS PUSH HIM AROUND. I DON'T WANNA INTERVENE. KIDS SHOULD WORK THEIR SHIT OUT. I HATE FINKS, SO DON'T TELL ME ON OTHER KIDS. I THINK KIDS SHOULD BREAK TOYS WITH OUT FEAR OF REPRISAL. HOW SACRED ARE OUR OBJECTS? NOT AS VALUABLE AS EXPERIENCE IS TO A CHILD. I GUESS I WOULDN'T ENCOURAGE MINDLESS DESTRUCTIVENESS. OR MAYBE I SHOULD. IT FEELS GOOD TO FUCK SHIT UP. HERE'S A DOUBLE STANDARD: IT'S NOT O.K. FOR CORPORATIONS TO DESTROY THE LAND, BUT IT'S O.K. FOR US TO DESTROY WHAT IS DESTROYING US! EVER BREAK A WINDOW WHEN YOU WHERE A YOUNGSTER? WHAT A LIBERATING FEELING, EH? ESPECIALLY IF YA DIDN'T GET CAUGHT!



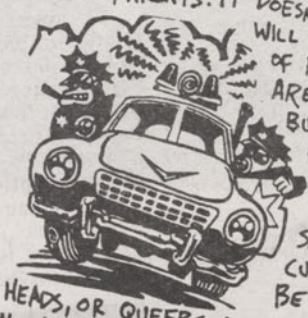
PUNK Parents

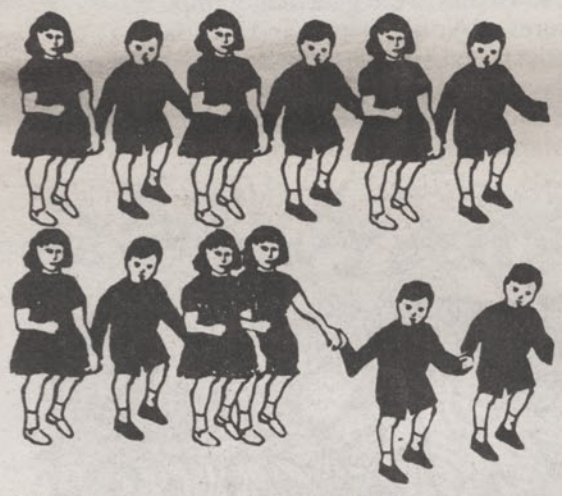
Juvenile DA-fuckin'-LINKWHINCE

SO YA WANNA BE A REBEL. WELL SO DO I. OH, BUT NOW I HAVE THIS NEW CONCERN, THIS NEW PERSON, A YOUNGSTER. AND I LOVE HIM. USED TO BE A KICK TO FUCK THE LAW. I WONT GIT CAUGHT... BUT BACK THEN IT WOULDN'T MEAN SHIT ANYWAY. I'M YOUNG. FEW YEARS BUSTED WOULDN'T MEAN SHIT EXCEPT... A FEW TENDER YOUNG YEARS OF MY CHILD LOST WOULD BE A HEARTBREAK. SO WHAT HAPPENS? DO I MELLOW OUT, GET CONSERVATIVE IN MY SAGE YEARS? AINT DAT JES WHA DEY WANT?! FUCK 'EM!

BUT, HEY! BETTER TEACH THE TIKES TO BE KOOL! I HEAR OF FOLKS IN TROUBLE - DEEMED UNFIT PARENTS. THESE FRIENDS O' MINE GOT BETRAYED BY GRANDMA, SUPPOSEDLY UNSTABLE AND UNFIT. SO GRANDMA FILED PAPERS (BEHIND PARENTS BACK) TO BAR CUSTODY FROM THEM, MY FRIENDS. SO THE DAD IS A 'FELON" (ON PAROLE) AND THE TWO LIKE TO GET A LITTLE WILD, BUT THEY WANNA TRY TO MAKE THINGS WORK AND BE COOL PARENTS. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE GRANDMA WILL REALLY WIN. I'VE HEARD OF PEOPLE BURNIN' KIDS W/CIGARETTS & WINNING CUSTODY. BUT I'VE ALSO HEARD OF FOLKS GETTING CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF NARCOCRACY. KIDS GETTIN' SNATCHED BY THE SYSTEM CUZ THE PARENTS MAY BE OUTLAWS, DESPERADOS, DOPE HEADS, OR QUEERS. AND SOME OF THEM FOLKS GET ON WELFARE AND CHEAT (GOOD FOR THEM -) BUT OH KNOW —— WHAT IF THEY GET CAUGHT! I DUNNO? I GET SCARED INTO IMMOBILITY FRETTIN' ABOUT FREAKIN' AND GETTIN' NABBED BY THE LONG ARM. BUT AINT THAT JES' WHAT THEY WANT?! MY FEAR, OH, MY FEAR.

GOTTA COME ABOVE IT.
BUT BE CAREFUL.
TEACH
YER CHILDREN
WELL...



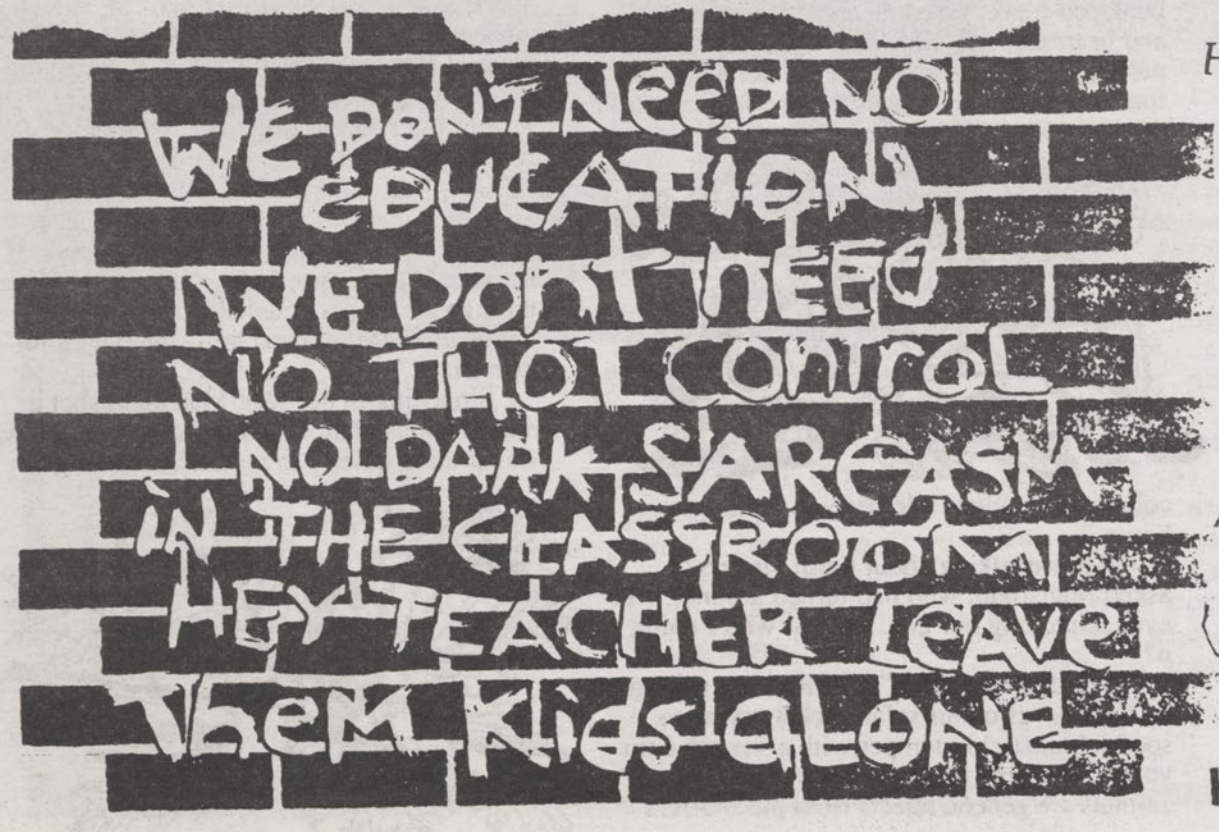


Betrulyfree
reject
society.

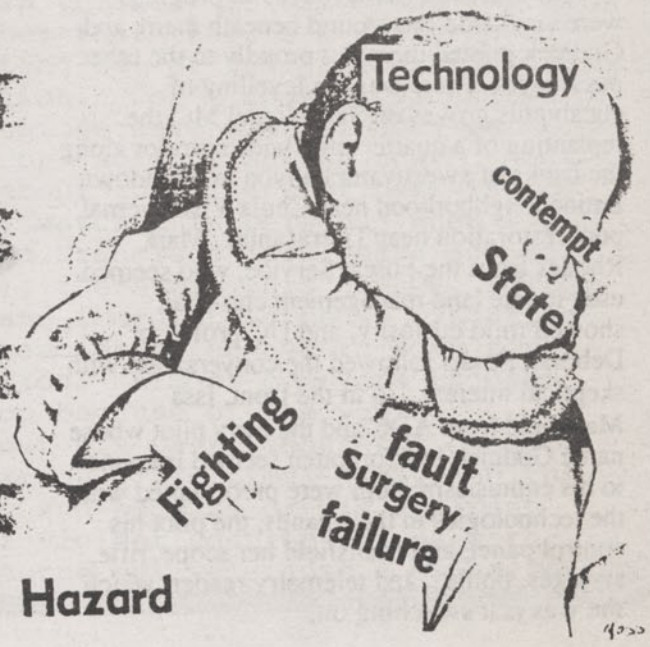
MY DADDY TOLD ME DON'T PLAY WITH MYSELF... SO I DID IT IN PRIVATE. MY DADDY ALSO HAD A SMALL COLLECTION OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINES (FOR MEN) OH YUK! I REMEMBER MY FIRST ORGASMS, INDUCED BY THOSE MAGAZINES, WITH THEIR WARPED PORTRAYEL OF WOMEN. THAT WAS LIKE,... THAT WAS SEX FOR ME, THE EXPERIENCE OF SEX IN THEIR PAGES, THEIR IMAGES WERE MY DESIRES AND FORMED MY EXPECTATIONS. AND THIS, SADLY, IS THE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE OF MANY KIDS. OUR SEXPECTATIONS MOLDED AROUND MASS MEDIA IMAGERY OF STRAIGHT SEX ROLES IN PATRIARCHAL SUXCIETY. WHAT A LOT OF BRAINSHIT WE HAVE TO LOSE! BETTER TO SMASH YER T.V.! BETTER TO BAN THE BATHROOM SCALE! BETTER TO ENCOURAGE SENSUALITY OUTRIGHT, NOT EMPHASIZING TRADITIONAL SEX ROLES, BUT RECOGNIZING ALL BODIES AS VESSELS OF THE SENSES, WE ALL KNOW WHAT FEELS GOOD TO US! WHY BE GUILTY IF IT AINT THE SAME AS THE NEXT PERSON? AND WHY CAN'T WE SHARE EXPERIENCES WITH THE NEXT PERSON? HOW ABOUT SOME RAUNCHY SEXUAL DEVIANCY? HEH HEH. HERE'S TO QUEERS!







Having a baby?
Here's what you can expect





NATURAL ORDER

(Science, Fiction).

PROLOGUE.

Genetic Resource Conservation/ Endangered Ecosystems Act of 2007

1533. (a). Findings.

The Congress finds and declares that -

(1) various ecosystems as well as but not limited to the species of fish, wildlife and plants therein, have been rendered extinct, endangered, or genetically decimated or contaminated due to inadequate management and attention;

(2) these ecosystems and genetic pools are of esthetic, educational, economic, historical, recreational, and scientific value to the Nation and its people;

(3) the U.S. has pledged itself, to the extent practicable, to conserve ecosystems and genetic resources pursuant to

(A) The endangered species act

(B) migratory bird treaties with Canada, Mexico, Japan, USSR, etc

(C) fisheries conventions in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans

(D) CITES, CNPWP, and other international agreements

(4) present law is impeding all development rather than promoting sensible development, and that the various agencies charged with implementing current law are inadequately structured, funded, or authorized to manage, conserve or reconstruct genetic resources and ecosystems.

1536. Creation of a new agency.

(a) Bureau of Genetic and Biologcal Conservation.

(1) There is established an agency to be known as the Bureau of Genetic and Biological Conservation, mandated to administer and implement those agreements outlined in section 1533 ss.(3), and to implement the requirements outlined below;

(A) to assess, inventory and map, using current computer mapping technigues, the genetic resources and diversity in endangered ecosystems and populations,

(B) to calculate the Minimum Viable Populations of species/subspecies within endangered ecosystems, and to coordinate long term conservation planning with local economic development planners

(C) to coordinate and administrate the intensive captive breeding of endangered species,

(D) to preserve the genetic purity of endangered species/subspecies,

(E) to manipulate and manage intensively the natural flow and migration of genetic resources/ diversity in and out of endangered ecosystems.

Endangered Ecosystems Act of 2007.

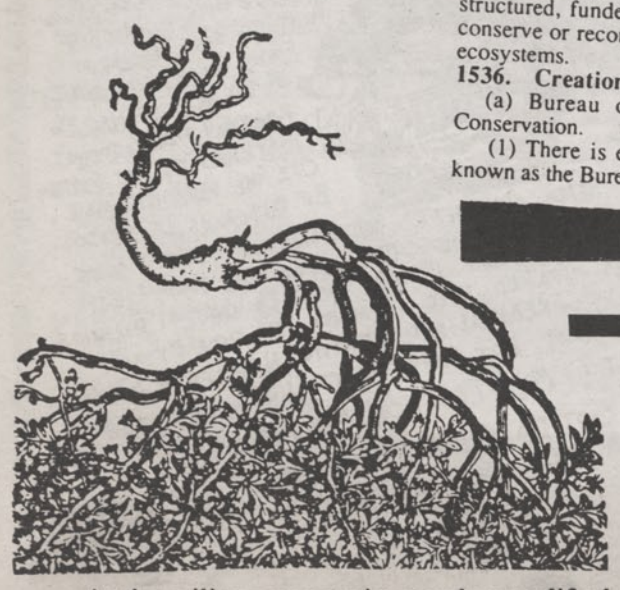
Statement of the President upon signing the bill into law. December 28, 2007.

It is with great pride and optimism that I today enact this law, S. 183, The Genetic Resource Conservation/ Endangered Ecosystems Act of 2007. Indeed, it is a reflection of the growing sense of pride in this Nation about our natural genetic heritage and of our desire to protect the fragile environments of our embattled planet. It is my hope that this law will enable the various state and federal agencies, as well as the new 'BGBC' to proceed with their management efforts , unhampered by the current tangle of lawsuits and restraining orders filed by a small, radical but dedicated group of citizens, who are trying to enforce such outdated laws as the Endangered Species Act.

I know that in my own home county of San Diego, where the evergrowing human population creates many conservation management challenges, development has been brought to a near standstill because of the legal actions taken by the group Earth First. It is my understanding that S. 183 answers the legal and ethical challenges raised by this group, and that they themselves fully endorse the new law. When federal, state, and local laws are brought into compliance, it is hoped that development may proceed in a sensible way.

At a time in history when human overpopulation and loss of genetic diversity are taking their toll on the lesser-developed nations of the world, it is vital that Nations such as ours take the lead in developing a national pride about conserving our natural, indigeneous genetic resources and diversity. By enforcing laws such as this here at home, and by aggressively enforcing international U.N. environmental sanctions as we are doing in the Amazonian Military Occupation against the Brazilian Marxist governement, we can hope for a richer and healthier Nation for years ahead. I congatulate the 110th Congress for taking this bold and important step.

- President Pete Wilson



As the military reconnaisance chopper lifted itself off the airstrip and drifted eastward on the morning breeze off San Diego Bay, Martin Godnick breathed a sigh of relief. The cramped cockpit, the noise of the blades, and helicopter's instability through the windstreams and air pockets were all soothing to his mind, compared to the bureaucratic nightmare that arranging the flight had become. It had taken five days on the phone to get the Bureau's liaison from Cleveland National Forest, the rep. from the Academic Oversight Committee, the Navy chopper and pilot, and the marksman from Animal Damage Control assembled to complete the mission.

Godnick loved the view from the air - to him it was a fleshed out model of the the land use and ecological preserve maps that lined the walls back at BGBC SW region headquarters in Long Beach. The patchworks of island and corridor preserves in the sea of condo sprawl seemed so delicate. He could feel the pressure put on the land by the area's impossible growth rate, and the sprawl of Tijuana, now exceeding San Diego in size, loomed across the border to the south like a hungry wolf at the door, waiting to devour the endangered but carefully managed ecosystems in SD. As the regional director for large mammal conservation, he wished he could manage the movement of humans the way he managed the movement of animals, to control the national border as well as the many preserve borders.

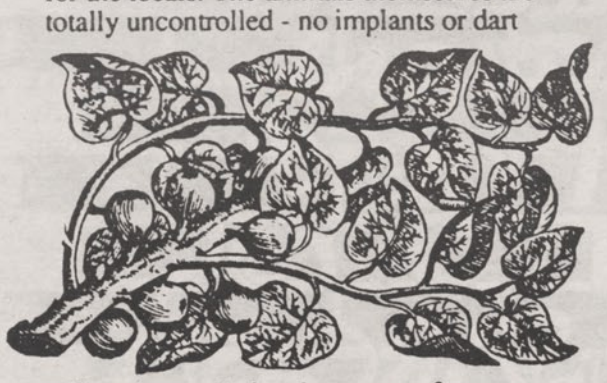
The Bureau's many works in progress were visible on the ground beneath them, and Godnick pointed them out proudly to the other passengers. There was the levelling of eucalyptus groves on San Miguel Mt., the replanting of a quarter-mile wide corridor along the banks of sweetwater canyon in a rundown Latino neighborhood near Chula Vista, vernal pool restoration near Tierrasanta... Mark Rhodes from the Forest Service, who seemed used to idle land management chit-chat, showed mild curiosity, and UC professor Deborah Fusari followed the conversation with skeptical interest. Up in the front, Issa Mansfield from ADC and the navy pilot whose name Godnick had forgotten seemed immune to his enthusiasm; both were preoccupied with the technologies in their hands, the pilot his control panel, and Mansfield her scope, rifle, syringes, bottles, and telemetry reader, which she was just switching on,

"So why'd the digital telemetry and dart collar bust on this one?" she shouted above the din, interrupting Godnick's description of the Dunns Skipper butterfly's life cycle. "Are you guys still using that lousy equipment from the Interior Department gear depot? Any average wild cat is gonna demolish that garbage.."

Godnick leaned forward in the cockpit. "This cat isn't even ours, and it doesn't have any gear at all; that's why we've got to take it in. It's a rogue wanderer up from Mexico, and it's been straying out of its habitat. The Hummel Ranch up in Dulzura lost three sheep this week to what they say was a jaguar, and our computer never showed either of our jags crossing the reintro area boundary. Mark went out last Friday and found both Jag Alpha and Jag Beta safely in the NF up near Cayamaca..."

"Martin, if this is a rogue wanderer," Prof. Fusari noted, "then why are we tracking it with telemetry?"

He looked over at Rhodes, who glanced quickly at the professor, then back at Godnick, and they both shrugged their shoulders. Godnick sighed. "Mr. Rhodes here recieved a communique from a Captian Diaz in Ensenada about six months ago regarding some jaguar sightings - wanting to know if they were ours. Of course they weren't; the invisible fence on our reintro boundary keeps our two in the Cleveland NF and would have detected any crossings. Turns out there's some misguided punk eco-freaks breeding and releasing jags and bears down in Baja near Ojos Negros, and putting out educational fliers and comic books for the locals. The animals themselves are totally uncontrolled - no implants or dart



collars, just archaic telemetry as far as we know."

"Are we talking about Earth Firsters?" asked Mansfield, who had turned around, wild eyed, clutching her gun. "Is that who's doing it?"

"We don't think so," said Rhodes, rolling up the sleeves on his safari jacket, trying to soothe Mansfield's temper with a smooth firm voice. "We have reason to believe that the animals are genetic rejects from the BGBC's SW breeding center in Tucson, probably the ones that were stolen by the Animal Liberation people last year en route to some zoos and an exotic meats factory farm. Earth First has denounced the ALF's intentions to release the cats, since they were genetically impure mixtures of North, South, and Central American Jaguars. Earth First hasn't released any large predators themselves since the wolf issue back in the 1990s..."

Mansfield stared off to the south. "I say we



forget the friggin' cat and fly straight into Mexico to blow away the terrorists."

Godnick looked disapprovingly at the sharpshooter, remembering how much he used to hate the ADC and their kind. Issa Mansfield was a particularly enthusiastic killer; the stickers on her gun case read like a 21st century marksman's yearbook - US Veteran of the Iraqi Wars, Marksman. US Veteran of the South African Wars, Marksman. Alberta Bison Control Program. Texas Coyote Eradication Program. US Veteran of the Amazonian Rainforest Wars, Marksman...Godnick realized that he needed to clarify the situation. "Listen, Issa, we're here to bring the cat in alive for genetic inspection, and if its clean we'll incorporate it into our breeding pool. If it *is* one of the Tucson jaguars then we can work through the proper channels to find the criminals in Mexico and bring them back to face trial..."

Slouching in her seat, Mansfield shot a mischievious glance over at the navy pilot, who was smiling quietly to himself. Avoiding



Godnick's insistent glare, she returned her attention to her tranquilizer cartridges. "Ya, Ya. Take a joke would you? Can't a girl have a little ..."

She was interrupted by a beep from the telemetry. A green readout screen flashed on, and she jerked to attention. "East - southeast...three miles. It's probably up Eagle Peak in the National Forest - inside the reintro area.." The helicopter changed course, and within minutes they were circling the signal, Mansfield, rifle in hand, barking orders to the pilot. "North! North!...Now east - no - southeast..."

"It's in that mess of pines and boulders!" Godnick shouted. "We're going to have to land on that fire break above it!"

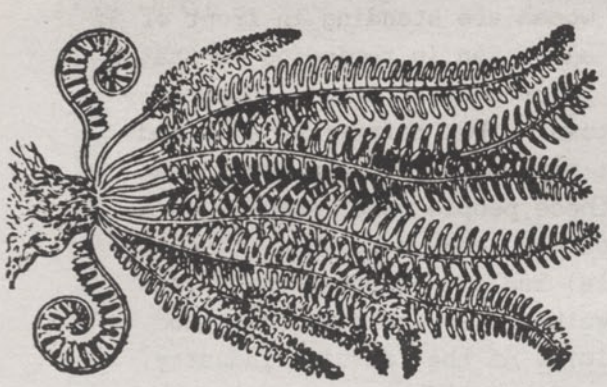
No sooner had the chopper touched down on the perched dirt road then Ret. Col. Mansfield, acting with perfect military technique, poured out the front door and disappeared with all her gear into the dust. More cautiously, Godnick, then Rhodes and Prof. Fusari, all exited the aircraft and made their way down the fire break to where she had disappeared into the bushes. They could already hear the electronic 'barking' from the ADC's dog pack simulator - which would send the cat scurrying for the safety of a tree - and shortly thereafter a victorious 'whoop' from Mansfield, who had found the cat.

With medical case and sling pack in hand, Godnick leaped into the bushes. "Don't shoot it from the tree!" he tried to yell while clearing a manzanita bush and narrowly missing a tree trunk. "Don't..."

The sound of a gunshot exploded in his eardrums, echoing off boulders, rolling down canyons. "Mansfield! Don't let it fall!" Another shot rang out, and Godnick made it to the clearing where she was standing just in time to watch the great spotted cat slump over and fall out off its high perch. It crashed through a dead branch, landed for a moment in the crotch of another, then tumbled head first out of the tree and onto the hard forest floor.

There, fading into tranquilized convulsions on the ground, fully loaded with ear tags, tattoes, implant scars and government dart/ telemetry collar, lay BGBC Reintro Jag Beta - *the wrong cat.* As Rhodes and the Professor came onto the scene, Godnick watched with horror as the dart collar malfunctioned and activated, sending two high concentration tranquilizer needles like two deadly slaps into her neck.

Godnick rushed up to her and dropped to his knees, placing both hands on the jaguar's chest. "Cold...no breathing or



heartbeat...Rhodes! Pass me the blankets and the anti-tranq! Bring me my pack!" For minutes he tried with Prof. Fusari's help to bring the jaguar back to life, while Rhodes and Mansfield lurked off at a distance, anticipating the mounds of paperwork that would result from the louse-up. Finally Godnick stood up, rubbing his forehead - Jag Beta was dead.

Everyone looked at Mansfield, who was still cradling her gun. Noticing their stares, she took a step back and raised her hand. "Now wait just a minute. There's no way I could have known from this distance - its not my responsibility to..."

Godnick waved his hands in the air, fending off her defense. "There's no standard procedure for this type of operation, so there won't be any blame on any one person. Now; we've got two rifle shot tranq cartridges, a heavy but standard reg dose for this animal class. That's fine." Mansfield was listening, but her attention had wandered to the readout screen on her belt. " And we've got two more from the collar - equipment malfunction from the fall, avoidable but explainable....What *I* want to know is why we were tracking on the BGBC coded digital wavelength; the rogue is on standard civilian wavelength..." He looked to Mansfield for a reply.

"South southeast; 50 yards." Her eyes moved from the readout to the woods behind her.

"Excuse me?" Godnick's voice broke, and he stared with amazement at Mansfield, who was already loading a cartridge into her rifle and moving up the hill toward some boulders.

"We *were* tracking on civilian wavelength,



and the 'civilian' rogue is still here....45 yards, this way."

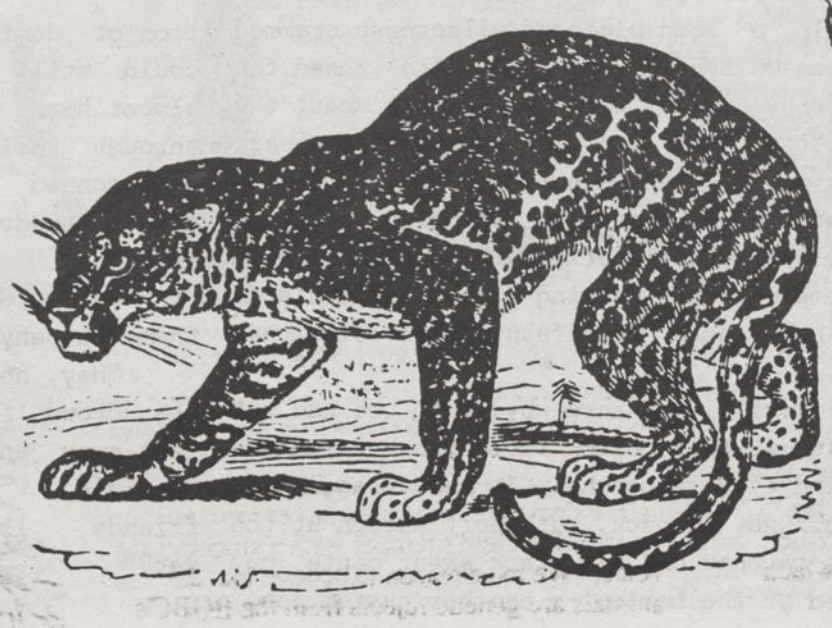
"They were...together..." Godnick mumbled to himself. He stared at the lifeless, spotted heap over by the tree, visions of copulation and genetic pollution dancing in his mind. Jaguars, he knew, were solitary creatures and would only be found in such proximity if they were mating. Suddenly it felt like a mixed blessing - Jag Beta was gone, but gone too was the possiblity of a litter of genetic reject kittens, who, had they been born, would have become a management and PR headache. There was now a legitimate, less humiliating justification for her death - 'genetic preservation', instead of 'mistaken target selection'.

Rhodes was motioning to Godnick and Prof. Fusari to follow Mansfield, who was following her screen to the rogue's whereabouts. They joined in a line behind Rhodes, who was keeping a good ten paces behind the sharpshooter. Suddenly she stopped, crouched low, and whispered, "15 yards...east ". When the others had squatted down, Mansfield raised her rifle and stepped into a bush to her left.



With a sound of undescribable intensity, the jaguar let out a thunderous scream and lunged from a branch right onto Mansfield, whose rifle fired into thin air. Without stopping, the small but powerful cat pounced onto Rhodes, this time staying with its prey, sinking its teeth into his shoulder. Godnick, who with Prof. Fusari had jumped back almost to the clearing, felt powerless to respond to Rhodes' screams for help. He was about to make a run for the helicopter when a barrage of pistol shots rang out through the woods, then another, and another, and the jaguar released its grip, staggered to the side, and fell to the ground, dead. Mansfield stood up, pistol still drawn on the cat, and dusted herself off.

"Bullets," she grinned. "They work a lot faster than tranquilizers."



On the flight back to the Navy base, Godnick tried to cheer up his passengers with his numerous capture and release failure stories: There was the Grizzly reintro in Colorado when they had mistakenly released a completely unconditioned uncollared bear into the San Juans - it eventually wandered into Durango and was shot dead by a soybean farmer. There was the dozen-or-so San Diego gnatcatchers that had died in a mist net that couldn't be checked in time due to freeway traffic en route. And there was the entire breeding stock of Santa Cruz wallflowers that was incinerated due to a computer which had printed out their genetic evaluation as 'impure'. Mistakes, he assured them, happened all the time.

It was no use - the presence of the two full body bags on the cabin floor, the bloodied rags that Rhodes was dabbing on his shoulder, and the scorching afternoon heat all kept the spirit low. Conversational attempts died as quickly as they started. There was no way around it - they had failed.

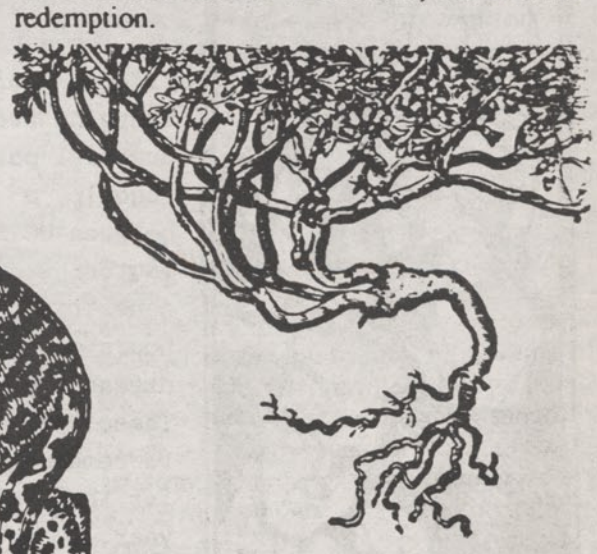
So Godnick returned his attention once again to the landscape below, which seemed suddenly chaotic. The foul-up weighed heavy on his mind, and he knew there would be a press uproar without careful communication management. At his monthly meeting with the Earth Firsters tomorrow he would have to recruit their help in explaining to the media the importance of genetic purity. They had been vital allies in the public relations following the Owens Valley Tule Elk eradication and the Cache Creek Roosevelt/ Tule Elk hybrid eradication programs last October in Northern



California. The public never seemed to catch on to genetics issues when it came to large mammals. 'Bambiism' was the word for it around the office.

He realised that in order to shed his sense of chaos, to feel more in control of his work, he would simply have to re-engage in a few projects that were more positive in nature. He decided that after tomorrow's meeting he would go get his hands dirty at the Vireo habitat wetlands mitigation site up at Mission Gorge; maybe he could even drive the grader, to really dig in to the project.

He didn't want to become like his parents, who after years of active military service, opted for safe but boring military bureaucratic positions that eventually drove them both to depression. He wanted to stay on the front lines, to remain his whole life an active soldier for nature, helping maintain the genetic order that he held so dear. For Godnick, that was his redemption.



Comments and
criticisms to;
Rufus, POBox 329
Santa Cruz CA 95061

Impress your friends and save the planet at the same time with these

RADICAL VEGAN RECIPES

[redacted]

We've all been in these embarrassing situations- your affinity group is meeting at your house, or maybe some movement bigwig you idolize is in town for the evening, and you want to impress them with both your culinary expertise and your commitment to the earth. But you're at a loss for what to create, and when it comes down to the wire, you wind up serving vegy Rosarita refries and Fritos Dip Size chips, with some luke-warm Tecate you found in the back of the pantry as a chaser. Your social life is in ruins!

Well, with a little preparation you can knock their socks off with the following three-course meal: Tender BBQ Tofu, Steamed Broccoli with Cheesy Yeast Sauce, and Fluffy Carob Cake with Caramel Icing. If you have all the ingredients and equipment ready, and if you follow these instructions closely, you can have this delicious, environmentally friendly vegan meal ready in a mere 1½-2 hours.

(Historical note: This is not a randomly selected menu! This unique combination of foods has shown up at several key points in anarchist history. Emma Goldman's journals revealed a similar dinner served to her by the Minister of Culture upon arrival in Russia. It is also written that Severino Di Giovanni had been dining upon just such a meal with the Scarfo Brothers when the news of Sacco and Vanzetti's death broke in Italy in 1927....)

FLUFFY CAROB CAKE

(Set oven to 350)
3 cups flour
1½ cups fructose, sucanat, or sugar
1 cup margarine
1 cup carob powder
1 cup soy milk
2 tsp vanilla
1 Tbspn lemon juice
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
½ cup boiling water

Combine and mix all dry ingredients, except for ¼ cup of the carob. Melt the margarine with the ¼ cup of carob, then add to the dry mixture. Add lemon juice and vanilla to soymilk and pour in mixture. Boil water and add in. Pour into a greased and floured 9x11 pan.

Now here's the tricky part. The cake will take ½ hour, and at about that same time you'll be wanting to light the charcoal for the Tofu. Someone showed me an easy way around this: all you need is

[redacted]

[redacted]

while you're busy with the marinade sauce.

Now, with your soldering kit,

[redacted]

In an effort to stay compliant with state and federal laws regarding the distribution of instructions to build destructive devices, we endeavor to redact such materials. We regret the damage that such redactions do to the completeness of our archive and apologize to our readers.

TENDER BBQ TOFU

(Have 2 lbs. tofu already frozen then thawed- this process separates the water from the curd, and adds texture).

Marinate the tofu in slabs in a mixture of: 2 Tbspn oil, 5 cloves of garlic and ½ onion (minced), ¼ cup tahini, ¼ cup soy sauce, 1 cup water, and ½ cup wine or sherry. You might want to marinate some carrots, cauliflower, onion, or mushrooms to BBQ as well.

Also prepare a BBQ sauce, which can either be a can of tomato sauce with soy sauce, spices and sweetener, or your own personal favorite sauce.

At this point, you'll probablly hear a bell ring and you'll see the BBQ starting up outside. Take the cake out of the oven and let it cool in the pan. Melt 1 cup of sweetener in ¼-½ cup margarine, and simmer until the sugar has browned. Pour over the cooling cake. Refrigerate.

STEAMED BROCCOLI WITH CHEESY YEAST

(At this point you might want to put on some rice or couscous or pasta...)

Chop the broccoli and place it in a steamer, waiting until right before dinner to cook it. In a large saucepan, sauté 6 cloves of garlic, 1 onion, 2 tspn oregano, 1 tspn paprika, ¼ cup margarine, and a dash of either mustard or mustard powder. When the onion is cooked down, add ¼ cup flour, mix well, then add 2 cups of water and 2 cups of nutritional yeast flakes. Simmer, adding either more water or more yeast until the desired thickness is achieved. Salt and pepper to taste.

When the coals are ready, dip the marinated tofu and vegy slabs in the BBQ sauce and place them on the (oiled) grill. Cook to personal taste.

Turn on the broccoli and sauce, turn off the rice, set the table and voila- True eco-cuisine! Are we environmentalists yet?

[redacted]

HOW ARNOLD SCHWARTZENEGGER BECAME AN ANARCHIST



While many movie stars/public figures are embracing environmental and social issues, few have entertained any ideas more enlightening then recycled toilet paper. Arnold Schwartzenegger is a refreshing exception to that rule and has proven the state-smashing potential of the right ideas in the right hands. Of course, few recognize Brother Arnold's work for what it is, but those who do can take hope in his dedication to a world beyond the state.

The day I met Arnold Schwartzenegger my friends Karen and Lee and myself were emerging from the woods in an ruralish industrial part of town. We came from the Pogonip, a loud piece of wilderness crammed between UC Santa Cruz and land zoned for factories. We were complaining about the equestrian cops who had enforced some park hours on us when we notice some very finely dressed young people standing outside. These were the beautiful people and I seem to remember them wearing a lot of mustard, for that was a very fashionable color that year.

I'm still not sure why, but Lee had cut a hole in this black wool blanket and was wearing it as a poncho. It was dragging on the ground in back, but short enough at the sides to show off his black sweat pants, cut jagged at the bottom -- another custom job.

Anyway, we're walking down the street and I'm realizing that these sharp looking young men and women are standing in front of the World Gym and Karen is reminding us that they must be there because Arnold Shwartzenegger's in town. But before we even had time to get any bright ideas about that possibility, these people (who somehow were skinnier, blonder, and more tan then it seemed possible) had all dropped their jaws to the sidewalk in an unmistakeable thud. For all the claims of the fashion industry, no designer outfit could have so stolen the show with such vehemence as Lees little get-up.

So about eight young and promising types are standing silent across the street from us, demonstrating the defini

tion of dumfounded. If they could still think you could almost hear the thought going through their eight under-fed, over-sunned heads: "they aren't headed this way, ARE THEY?"

We could have disappointed them, but why?

"Hey, ho, hi," says Lee to the crowd from about fifteen feet away and closing. "We're On-ald's anarchist hippy friends. Is the big guy here yet?"

CONTINUED



ARNIE...

To her credit, a small woman with a clip-board finally emerged from the silent-too-long crew-cuts, acid wash and silky skirts and, with a nearly-normal tone, asks Lee, "can I help you, sir?"

"Hi, yea. We're old friends of Ah-nalds. He should be expecting us."

So she subtly glares from Lee's eyes to his feet and then sort of stares into her clipboard for a few moments like she's having a bad daydream and then she says, with a public voice, "Yes, please come right this way."

So Arnold must have told her about us.

The small woman, who's a few years older than the rest of the crowd, starts heading for the door, gesturing for us to follow. At this point one of the jock-o's loses it and starts to jabber, "You are not letting these FREAKS in really, I mean, ARE YOU?" He was kind of jostling back and forth between the other guys in some perverted fight mode which really looked funny in those penny loafers.

"Hey man, it's cool," I said. "Don't go splitting your acid wash. We're old friends of Ahneez."

"Yea," pipes in Karen, "be nice to us or heads will roll when the big guy shows."

We followed Lee and the lady in blue into the sliding glass doors of the World Gym (pronounced "Vurld Jeem") just in time to escape the consequences of testosterone gone bad.

Meanwhile, I'm checking out our hostess' simple, sophisticated skirt and blouse set. It's cobalt blue Rayon and I had just heard how Rayon, a wood product, is actually made from oldgrowth redwoods. Right then it dawned on me that the person who told me that may have been pulling my leg.

So by now we've entered the mirrored, metallic wonderland that is the World Gym. Lots of guys and gals were in World Gym T-shirts sweating with these wonderful looks on their faces, like they've been practicing that look since the day they heard Arnold was coming. Except they have to keep checking their looks in one of the many mirrors to make sure they look good enough, earnest enough, that they've captured the look of that elusive middle-ground between hurting themselves and enjoying themselves.

When we came every neck in the room craned expecting to see the man, and I'm no P.E. student, but it seems you just shouldn't snap your head around like that when you're benching 200.

Of course, everybody was tremendously disappointed for the moment that Lee was not over six feet tall and German. But unlike outside where our appearance seemed enough to start a riot, these folks just jerked their necks back into place and continued with their routine. I was a little disappointed by the lack of reaction but it just goes to show how self-absorbed this generation of fitness junkies really is.

The Rayon lady deposited us in a room towards the back of the building that must have been used for private therapy sessions. But if she thought that would keep us out of sight she was wrong. Soon enough, Lee was out on the floor having some long-boned woman in a truly great turquoise unitard show him one of the contraptions.

"Yes, just fit this around your wrists, there. And then when you walk you can see your heartrate, and see here the red dots show you how steep a hill you are climbing," she said.

"But I can go outside and walk up onto the hill and see how steep the hill really is and plus see all the trees and hear the birds and not have to breathe this air conditioned stuff."

"But then you wouldn't be able to see your heartrate," she said, quite seriously.

That wasn't going anywhere, so it was just as well when all the necks whipped around in syncronicity and we knew Arnold had arrived. I was rather happy when he showed up for Karen and I hadn't found anything to occupy ourselves with and I was starting to feel a little like a bloody body part in a tank of sharks.

After much ado, Arnold gave a short speech about health to an awe-struck, sweating audience. Then lots of meat and cheese came rolling in on these tables, along with some booze. Suddenly, I knew our adventure wasn't in vane.

When time for our formal introduction came, Arnold wasn't exactly unhappy to see us.

You could say he wasn't expecting us right then and there. And Arnold is not someone you make a policy of surprising. Being a big star, he must get lots of death threats and he does have a tough image to maintain. When the Rayon lady was giving him some details about something he kept glancing at us like he was about to turn away but couldn't take his eyes off us.

"Oh. And these people say they know you."

"You know how many people say they know me?" he asked. It was understood to be a rhetorical question.



He said it just loud enough so we knew it was our turn. Moments like that, I always forget what I'm doing (in spite of those three beers I managed to inhale.) Thank God Lee was on top of it.

"Well Hello Arnold. A rough tour? This is some gym you got here, man. Of course, I'm not that into mirrors, but hey--"

"Do I know you?" questioned the big guy.

"Arnold! Don't even joke about a thing like that. It's ME, Lee D."

"Lee D.? I do not know you, but if I did I think I'd know your tailor, too." So then all the guys in the room -- the ones that you couldn't tell where their neck ended and their head started -- all laughed, "G-Huh," like someone had knocked the wind out of them.

"Hey," said Karen, "You and Lee are in the same business, dude, but if you don't read the papers we won't hold it against you."

"No, of course not," says Lee, shooting Karen a look that could kill.

"And what business are you in, Lee D." says Arnie as if he's asking for the punchline in an extended knock-knock joke.

"Oh, some semi-dangerous stunt stuff," says Lee. "I hang a banner here and there when I'm not rubbing ski-poles with buffalo hunters."

"Lee's so humble," says Karen. CONTINUED



"Not unlike yourself, Mr. Schwartz-enegger," I say.

"A regular terminator of the radical environmental movement," says Karen.

"And man did he get a raw deal in the Montana courts," says me.

"Would you two shut up?" says Lee.

Ignoring him, I sort of sidled up to the Schwartze and say, "We could be very good for you, Arnold."

"How did these people get in here?" says Schwartzenegger. Right then the Rayon Lady appeared to be choosing which portion of the grey carpet she was going to throw herself down on to beg for mercy, and these three boobs in bomber jackets moved in to throw us out.

"Don't make us leave," protested Karen. "Just because we aren't wearing the season's fresh new colors, I'm sure!"

It took Lee's guy a minute to find a limb under the amorphous cape and we were on our way.

"Oh come on, Arnold," I heard Lee scold. "We know you really want to smash the state."

"Wait," I heard myself say. "I have a press pass, I'm supposed to be here. I'm on the list...," but by then we were back on the sidewalk, alone this time.

***

I have a few theories why Arnold couldn't drop it after that episode. Perhaps he read the scathing article of the incident I printed in the UC weekly. Or maybe he has always been a radical at heart.

Instinctually, I feel the guy just really dug our style, our groovy image. He just had to be mainstream around those gym-junkies. You know, he's a business man with a product to sell. He's the fucking secretary of fitness for President George Bush for Christ's sake. He can't exactly be embracing anarchists at every corner.

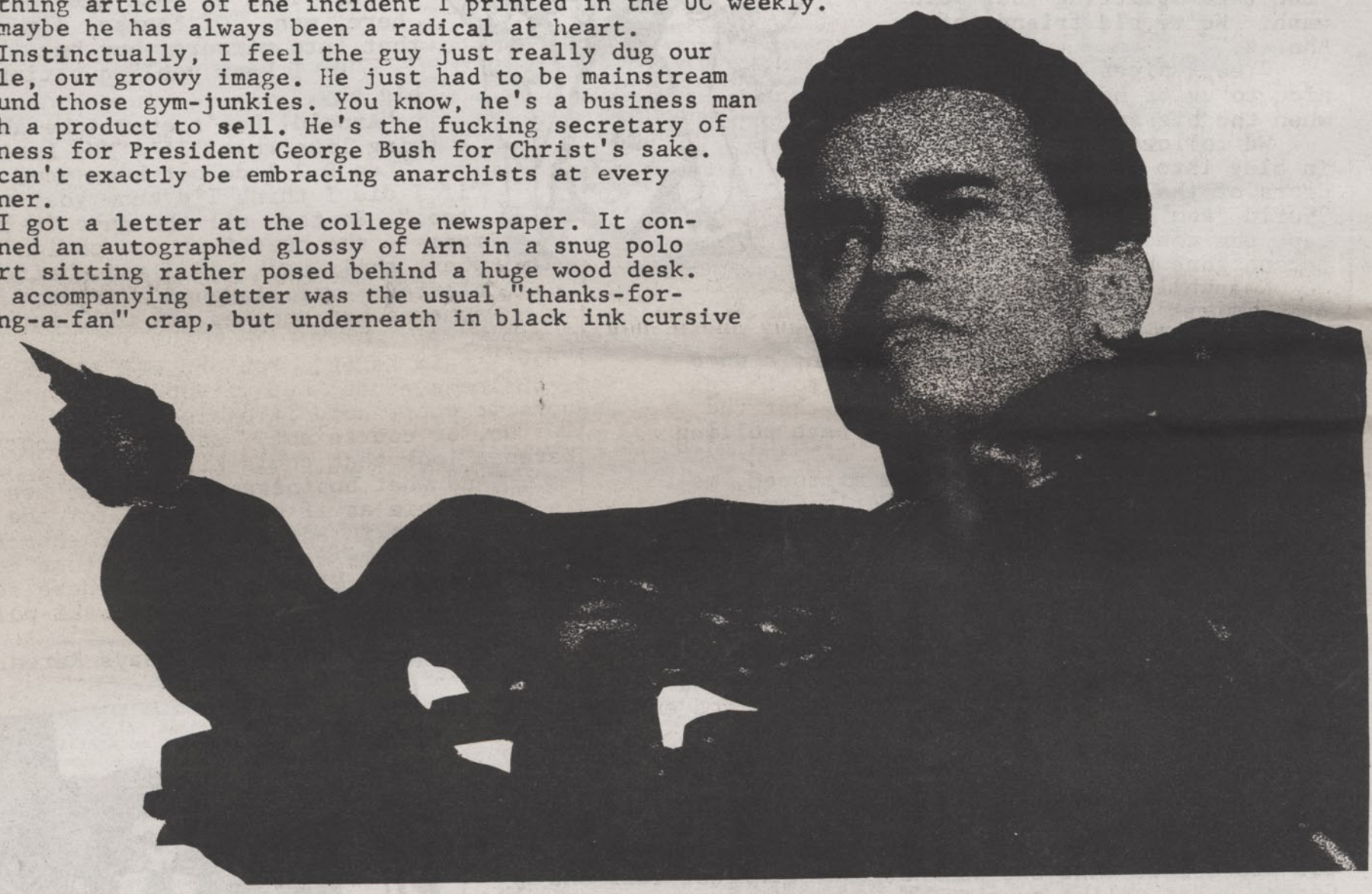
I got a letter at the college newspaper. It contained an autographed glossy of Arn in a snug polo shirt sitting rather posed behind a huge wood desk. The accompanying letter was the usual "thanks-for-being-a-fan" crap, but underneath in black ink cursive it said:

If this is that strange journalist who came with Lee D. to my Santa Cruz World Gym, I want to say, I hope I was not too abrupt with you. I'm sorry I had you dragged out like that, for in a way, I think you and your friends understood me better than anyone has ever understood me. I know it sounds strange, but lately I've been reading Emma Goldman and I no longer eat meat. Understand, I'm not quite ready to go public with the new me, but sometimes its best to go about one's work with a shroud of normalcy,no?

Always in your debt, Arnold

Transformation is a mysterious thing and everyone has hidden potential. Who knows, Brother Schwartzenegger's World Gym has powerful possibilities in the struggle against the state. And I'm sure I'm not alone in noticing the subtle, yet insidious, underlying anti-state themes of Arnold's recent films. But if you didn't catch it, don't go out and support the mega-million and seriously stupid Hollywood film industry. Just take my word for it.

by Alibaster Bowmonster





Anarchy may be healthy

Government is bad for your health. At least, that's the strong suggestion from a study of the ancient remains of villagers from Africa, comparing those who lived under tight government control with those who lived in a period of freedom.

Researchers from the University of Colorado in Boulder found the villagers' life expectancy almost doubled when politicians disappeared. During the era of ruling kings, more than 1,000 years ago, the life expectancy of the working class was only 11 years. When the rulers faded out, several hundred years later, the life span shot up to 19 years.

"You could obviously say that the results indicate that these people were probably better off when left to their own political devices," said Colorado anthropologist Dennis Van Gerven.

He and his colleagues speculate that the burdens of taxes and tributes required by medieval governments put enormous stress on the poor villagers, affecting both their own health and their ability to adequately feed their children.

Enough Of This Shit



Do people allow themselves to be that gullible?

In the midst of a fierce Arctic storm, the lone male caribou bravely bellows his ancient mating call. But his cry will go unanswered, because we built our oil refinery right smack-dab where his herd's *mating* ground used to be. His herd is dying; they cannot reproduce anywhere else. And continuing our single-minded pursuit of profits, we're spending millions of dollars in Washington to open up the Alaskan National Wildlife Refuge, one of the last remaining untouched wildernesses in North America, to development. That means that soon most of the majestic caribou herds will be lost forever.

We know that we can get away with this, because ultimately you care more about driving your cars and surrounding yourself with plastic pleasure toys than you do about some far-off caribou herds that you've never even seen. By co-opting the language of environmentalism, we allow you to continue to close your eyes to our outrageous exploitation and to pretend that your conspicuous consumption marches hand-in-hand with respect for nature, all evidence to the contrary aside. And as long as we continue to reap profits at the expense of human and non-human nature, that's just fine with us.

Do people really assuage their pangs of conscience by accepting our transparent hypocrisy?

People Do.

Chevwrong

INSPIRATION

ANC - African National Congress. CPLA - Colombia Popular Liberation Army. ELA - Greece. FARC - Colombia. FPR-LZ - Honduras. GRAPO - Spain. Iraultza - Basque region of Spain. MRPF - Chile. MRTA - Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement, Peru. NLA - National Liberation Army of Colombia. SL - Shining Path of Peru. RC - Revolutionary Cells of W. Germany.

Selected Incident Chronology

*January 1978 - Bombed US Information Agency and American Express. (ELA) GREECE
*August 1981 - Bombed the US Embassy, Bank of America, the Coca Cola bottler, and a Carnation dairy products firm, all in Lima. (SL) PERU
*August 1982 - Bombed Bank of America and Sears. (GRAPO) SPAIN
*November 1982 - Time bombed subsidiaries of US Castle and Cook. (FPR-LZ) HONDURAS
*December 1982 - Bombed the incomplete Koeberg nuclear plant. (ANC) SOUTH AFRICA
*April/May 1983 - Bombed the Rank Xerox offices in Bolboa and Pamplona. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*May 1983 - Blew up 10 powerline towers that blacked out Lima, then bombed over 30 locations causind $27 million damage. (SL) PERU
*June 1983 - Bombed a General Motors-affiliated company in San Sebastian to protest US investment in Basque Region. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*November/December 1983 - Bombed Coca Cola offices and bottlers, Bank of America, Rank Xerox, IBM, 3M, and NCR offices in protest of US actions in Granada. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*January 1984 - Bombed a Ford dealership. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*May 1984 - Conducted a rocket attack on the Mobil Oil refinery, causing several million dollars in damage. (ANC)
*November 1984 - Bombed IBM. Considerable damage, no injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*January 1985 - Bombed a movie theater that was showing "Red Dawn". No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*February 1985 - Bombed Firestone in solidarity with Latin America's 'struggle against US imperialism'. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*February 1985 - Bombed seven businesses in Medellin including IBM, GTE, Union Carbide and Xerox. (FARC) COLOMBIA
*March 1985 - Bombed Citibank and Republic National in Santiago. (MRPF)
*March 1985 - Set fire to 2 Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants and attempted a third in Lima. (MRTA) PERU
*May 1985 - Bombed Hertz and Avis offices. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*November 1985 - Bombed Lima's Texaco offices. (MRTA) PERU
*November 1985 - Bombed Honeywell Bull offices. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*December 1985 - Kidnapped two US employees of Bechtel Corp.; one died in captivity and one was later released. (CPLA) COLOMBIA
*January 1986 - Demanded $100 million from Shell Oil to continue their operations in Magaleas Valley. Shell chose to suspend their operations rather than meet their demands. (FARC) COLOMBIA
*February 1986 - Bombed Citibank offices on 'behalf of the anti-Nato movement'. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
*December 1986 - Numerous raids on US-owned oil production subsidiaries destroying machinery and stealing explosives. (NLA) COLOMBIA
*June 1987 - Arson attack on Rhine-Westphalian's chemical plant in Kelsterbach. Several hundred thousand dollars' damage. (RC) WEST GERMANY
*April-August 1987 - Bombed many US-Colombian oil operations. (NLA) COLOMBIA
*November 1987 - Blacked out Lima then attacked a Nissan factory, Ministries of Health and Justice, and the US Embassy. (SL) PERU
*February-March 1988 - Caused extensive damage and no injuries in two bombings of Shell Oil offices and a pharmaceutical factory in Lima. (MRTA). PERU

Are you sensitive?
Are you easily hurt?
Do you take adverse criticism to heart?
Do you sometimes feel that life is passing you by? That the other man gets more out of life than you do?

You do? Good. Well keep it up. That's why we in advertising make so much money.

Legal. Decent. Honest. Truthful. ✓

Are you those things too?
Oh goody, better and better.
Yum yum yum.



We'll give you a hand to improve the environment.

At BP we know all about the environment and how important it is. We are one of the world's largest oil and natural resources groups. Destroying the earth in over 70 countries around the globe.

That might sound odd coming from a company which regularly spends millions trying to convince you how much we care.

But at the end of the day, our business is destruction of the earth. From chopping down the Amazon rainforests to digging up uranium in Australasia. From providing animal feed for factory farms to designing all sorts of weapons systems.

In fact the only thing we don't do, is care...

And with over 21,000 petrol stations worldwide, we can provide plenty of fuel for your anger.

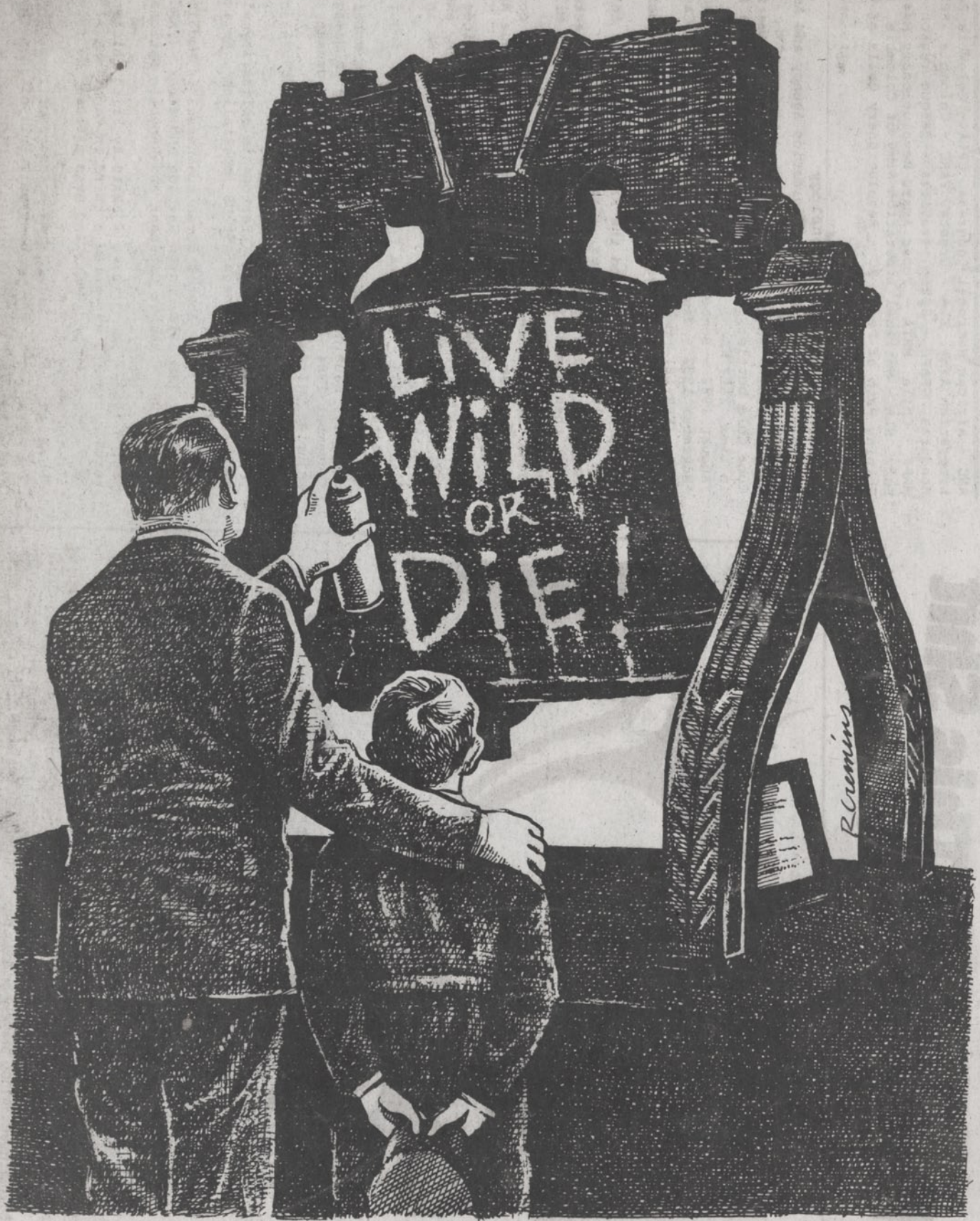
BP. We're as British as troops on the streets of Ireland...

Britain at its best. BP



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LIVE
WILD
OR
DIE!
R.Cumming



Conflict Gypsy

read is the new green

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